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New Officials of County Assumed Duties on Monday.

Judge Quigley Sworn in With Brief Ceremony.

YARNELL NOW SHERIFF

Splendid Dinner for Neighbors, Who Helped Him Move—Greetings for Those Who Were Victorious at the November Election.

Centre County's newly elected officials formally entered upon the duties of their respective offices on Monday, the day fixed by law. Chief in popular interest, of course, was the swearing in of the new Judge, Henry C. Quigley. This ceremony, while not elaborate was very properly attended with dignity. At 12 o'clock Judge Orvis and Judge-elect Quigley walked to the Judge's bench. Judge Orvis briefly explained the purpose of the meeting. Recorder William H. Brown then administered the oath of office to Judge Quigley, after which the retiring Judge, Mr. Orvis, stepped down and occupied a seat inside the bar. The ceremony was brief and was witnessed by a number of visitors from town and nearby points. In the assemblage were Captain James A. Quigley, of Blanchard, and others of the family of the new Judge. After the oath had been administered to Judge Quigley, John Blanchard on behalf of the Centre County bar, made a brief address, extending congratulations and good wishes. Mr. Blanchard said:

"Your Honor: I desire, if agreeable to your Honor, to say just a word; and in doing so I extend to you my heartfelt congratulations. I believe you enter into this office with a solemn appreciation of the responsibilities now cast upon you. This pleasant company of lawyers and laymen is assembled here; but we are also here as your Bar. I think that you and all of us, as lawyers and practitioners, realize the importance not only of fidelity but also of loyalty from the Bar to the Bench and from the Bench to the Bar. Without this fidelity and loyalty—not a mere veneer—but genuine and sincere fidelity and loyalty, the administration of justice is clogged. I feel justified in pledging to your Honor the fidelity and loyalty of this Bar."

By way of acknowledging the tribute Judge Quigley said that he fully appreciated the heavy responsibility placed upon him and that it would be his endeavor to discharge his new duties honestly and to the best of his ability. He said:

"The Court appreciates the remarks of Mr. Blanchard on behalf of the Bar and is sensible of the great responsibilities of the office he has been called upon to fill. The Court also realizes the high standard set by his predecessor and assures the Bar of his earnest intention to maintain that standard.

"It is to be expected that, at first, mistakes and irregularities will occur, but it is to be hoped that the Bar will bear with the Court and will understand that this comes through inexperience rather than by design.

"What the Court desires to impress upon the Bar and those whom they represent is that it will be his honest endeavor to mete out justice to all in a fair and impartial manner."

District Attorney-elect James C. Furst was then sworn in by Prothonotary Foreman. Judge Quigley announced the appointment of the several court officers, as follows: Gilbert B. Burroughs, stenographer; Miss Winifred Gates, assistant stenographer; Jacob Woodring, crier; Thomas Fleming, messenger; George Robb, Cyrus W. Hunter, George C. Eaton and James McMullen, tipstaves.

Court thereupon was declared adjourned. Members of the bar and spectators then stepped forward and extended congratulations to Judge Quigley.

Sheriff George H. Yarnell took charge of his office on Monday morning, being warmly greeted by a host of friends. Quite a number of his neighbors assisted him in the task of moving his household effects to the jail, and at noon a splendid dinner was served. A novel incident attending the change of administrations at the jail was that the new Sheriff found the cell room deserted. There was not a single prisoner in the jail. There was one lone prisoner in jail when it was time for Mr. Lee, the retiring Sheriff, to leave. The charge against the prisoner was a trifling one and Mr. Lee arranged to have the man released on his own recognizance. After doing so he opened wide the door to the jail end of the building and the prisoner walked out. Consequently the new Sheriff, Mr. Yarnell, found himself in charge of a jail but no prisoners.

David Chambers, the new County Treasurer; William H. Brown, the new Recorder, and Frank Sasserman, the new Register, entered upon their respective duties with no ceremony whatever. Mr. Chambers has appointed his daughter, Miss Verna Chambers, as Deputy Treasurer. Miss Chambers and her father stood side by side while being sworn in, the oath being administered by Recorder Brown. Recorder Brown has appointed Walter Armstrong as Deputy Recorder. Register Sasserman has appointed Miss Anna Nolan as Deputy Register. Prothonotary Foreman, who entered upon a new term, was kept busy during the greater part of Monday administering the oath of office to various newly elected officials. These included the three County Auditors, Clement Gramley, Ralph Hartsock and Sinie Hoy. Mr. Hoy was a member of the former board.

The new Board of County Commissioners, D. A. Grove, W. H. Noll, Jr., and Isaac Miller, also entered upon their duties, Mr. Miller being the new member. The board organized by electing Mr. Grove as president and Mr. Noll as secretary. H. N. Meyer was accorded the tribute of a re-election as chief clerk, and Frederick Noll was retained as assistant clerk for the present. N. B. Spangler was again chosen as County Solicitor. Josiah T. Ziegler was reappointed janitor and Edward Brown was continued as fireman. Ivan Walker was appointed stenographer to the Board of Viewers.

STRUCK BY TRAIN

S. A. Stover, of Pleasant Gap, Slightly Injured; His Horse Killed.

S. A. Stover, of Pleasant Gap, narrowly escaped being killed on Tuesday morning when he was run down at the Oak Hall railroad crossing by a Pennsylvania Railroad special train conveying students back to State College from their Christmas vacation. Mr. Stover fortunately got off with nothing more serious than a scalp wound. His horse was killed.

The Oak Hall crossing is at a point where the approach is concealed by a sharp turn in the road. Mr. Stover was about to drive across the railroad tracks just as a special train was approaching. Another train had passed a short time previously and Mr. Stover supposed this was the regular morning train for Bellefonte. Not knowing that a second train was following he undertook to cross the track. Engineer Joseph Twitmire was at the throttle of the second train and sounded the whistle on approaching the crossing. Mr. Stover afterward said that he was confused upon discovering that a second train was approaching and drove his horse onto the railroad track directly in front of the locomotive. His wagon was clear of the track and to this fact he owes his life, for the locomotive struck the horse with such force as to kill it instantly. Mr. Stover was thrown out of his wagon. He was brought to Bellefonte on the train and his injuries were dressed at the Bush House by Dr. Hayes. He was able to return home shortly afterward.

CHILD MEETS DEATH

Fatal Accident to Coasting Party at Warriors Mark on Saturday.

A deplorable accident at Warriorsmark on Saturday morning caused the death of Clarence Neff, the 7 year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Neff, of that place. With a number of other lads the child was coasting on a hill near his home, when a cutter coming rapidly down the hill hit the boy in the stomach. The accident happened at about 11 o'clock. The lad was carried home and received medical attention, but fatal internal injuries caused his death at 10.30 Sunday morning.

Surviving to mourn the lad's death are his parents, one brother, Wilfred and a sister, Lillian. Clarence was an extremely bright little fellow and had a large circle of friends. During the last year he received gold pins from both the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Sunday schools for an unbroken attendance record.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. E. C. Keboch, of the Methodist Episcopal church, were held at 10:30 Wednesday morning at the Neff home, Warriorsmark. Interment in the Warriorsmark cemetery.

Mrs. John Porter Lyon and her sister, Miss Grace Mitchell, will this evening entertain the Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Two Found Dead During Holiday Season.

Two men were found dead during the Christmas holiday season, one in Bellefonte and the other at State College.

James Cornelly, for many years well known about town, was found dead on Thursday afternoon of last week in his room in a house on Lamb Street, adjoining the plant of the Bellefonte Steam Co. He had not been seen alive since the previous Sunday. He had been in poor health for some time. His absence created no particular concern among fellow-employes at the steam plant, it being supposed that he had gone to a farm nearby town. Investigation finally revealed his lifeless body in his room. It is supposed that he had died some time Saturday night or Sunday, lying wrapped in blankets alongside a steam radiator. Burial was made on Friday in the Catholic cemetery.

The deceased was born in Bellefonte April 10th, 1860. For a number of years he was active in Democratic party affairs in Bellefonte. He followed the trade of plumbing and steam fitting. He is survived by a half-sister and a half brother, Miss Mame Caldwell and Thomas Caldwell.

Frank Robinson, a stone mason, was found dead on Tuesday of last week in a cabin near by State College. His death resulted from over-indulgence in ensilage juice and whiskey. He was 45 years old and is survived by a widow. His body was buried in the Pine Hall cemetery.

OFFICERS FOR FIREMEN

Logan and Undine Companies Reorganize for Coming Year.

Reorganization meetings were held on Monday evening by the Logan Hose Co. and the Undine Fire Co.

The Logan Hose Co. officers elected for the coming year follow: M. R. Johnston, president; Michael Shields, vice president; R. W. Irwin, secretary; Jacob Marks, treasurer; Harry Garbrick and James D. Seibert, trustees; Alexander Morrison, chief; George Eberhart, first assistant chief; Willis Wyland, second assistant chief; Arthur Brown, third assistant chief; Clarence McCafferty, fourth assistant chief; James D. Seibert, engineman; Thomas Caldwell, first assistant engineman; Elmer Yerger, second assistant engineman; John Justice, fireman; Joseph Shaughnessy, first assistant fireman; Harry Dukeman, second assistant fireman; John J. Bower, delegate to State convention; Arthur Brown, alternate to State convention; Jacob Marks, delegate to District convention; Richard Taylor, alternate to District convention.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

R. Clair Leathers, Hilda Wagner,	Howard Pa. "
Edward Bailey, Marion, V. Pressler,	Gregg Twp. Haines "
Edward P. Matley, Bessie Hurley,	Philipsburg "
Ralph L. Musser, Isabella McWilliams,	State College Pa. Furnace
Huston H. Goss, Mabel C. Arrandale,	Philipsburg "
Harry A. Corman, Mary M. Zeigler,	Spring Mills Madisonburg
Wm. E. Musser. Margaret Harry,	Lemont State College
Albert D. Mackey, Esther Rhue Dolan.	Marion Twp. "
Howard C. Confer, Hannah M. Confer,	Howard "
Jonathan W. White, Helen F. Smith,	State College Bellefonte
J. E. Williams, Ella Reinhart,	Wigton New Alexandria
Merrell A. Miller, Esther M. Kern.	Lock Haven "
G. C. Duvale, Mattie Comer,	Morgantown West Va. Fillmore
Richard Peale, Mural Lea Spencer,	Philipsburg "
Richard L. Muritt, Estella M. Wellar,	Julian "
Edgar D. Long, May L. Bowen	Altoona Bellefonte
John Brady, Mary Heverly,	Milesburg "
Harry F. Shook, Jennie C. Stover,	Spring Mills Coburn
Sumner H. Wance, Ruth M. Winkelblech	Aaronsburg Coburn
Roy G. Lee, Margaret Kline,	Alliance Ohio State College
Paul M. Schaeffer, Ida J. Ranchau,	Miles Twp. Madisonburg
Clair E. Grubb, Mabel E. Walker,	Akron Ohio Houserville
Ralph E. Williams, Minnie Laird,	Port Matilda "
James R Auman, Annie M. Eisenhauer,	Youngstown Ohio Aaronsburg
M. J. McLaughlin, Susan E. McGoarty,	Snow Shoe " "
Edward A. Stern, Rae Hoy,	Buffalo N. Y. Lemont
Oscar M. Price, Ida Bruss,	Unionville "
Oliver Shawver, Elsie Pressler.	Rebersburg Coburn

J. C. Barnhart Dead.

John Curtin Barnhart died on Sunday evening, last, at his late home at Curtin from paralysis, following an illness of one month. The deceased was 59 years old and was a son of Henry and Mary Barnhart. His widow, who survives, was formerly Laura Bathurst. There survive also these children: Robert, Frank, Samuel, Victor, Isabel, John, Fred and Louise. Surviving also are two brothers: William, of Curtin, and Alphonzo, of Irwin. Funeral services were held Wednesday at Curtin.

ULBGLADUKUM

Of course you will. That is, unless you don't want to laugh and have an evening of rare enjoyment. For there will be Tinkling Tunes To Tickle The Taste of The Tired Theatre Goer at the big minstrel show in Garman's Opera House on Friday evening, January 14th, at 8 o'clock. The show has been staged to wipe out $250 deficit from the Old Home Week celebration last summer. If you had a good time then turn out for the minstrel show and have another and help pay the bill for the first.

The program as arranged is a hummer. Following is how the evening is to go tinkling along:

A—"Something new in minstrelsy". Chuck full of originalities and novelties.

B—Electrical club swinging and bag punching.

C—"The Famous Rine" in a wonderful balancing and juggling act.

D—Miss Nicolls and Company, in a very fine musical number.

E—"A Girl to Order", a comedy in one act by B. W. S. Springer.

F—Grand Finale. "A Night at Castle House."

Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Woman's Club Meeting.

The December meeting of the Woman's Club, presided over by the president, Mrs. J. T. Mitchell, was a particularly interesting one. Miss Margaret Cook's talk on the mosquito was instructive and beneficial. The questions and discussion which followed brought out the need in our own town of the application of her suggestions for the destruction of this insect. Several places should be filled up or drained to destroy the breeding places of this germ-bearing agent.

Mrs. Mitchell's suggestion that the Club endorse the works of the Penna. Women's Division for "National Preparedness" met with hearty approval. The purpose is to organize women to be ready in time of any calamity; in time of need for national preparedness; and for work in those fields in which women can most effectively aid. The field of work includes: care of soldiers' and sailors' families; nursing and provision of surgical supplies; convalescent homes and hospitals; messenger and communication service; day service in hospitals; feeding troops and the needy; general service of clerical, sewing, knitting, etc. This division of Penna. Women is affiliated with the Emergency Aid Committe which is doing such magnificent work to relieve the terrible suffering abroad.

Mrs. Mitchell called attention to the publication, "The Messenger," which contains valuable lines of committee work. The Drama League is making elaborate plans for a nation-wide celebration. Throughout the year 1916 of the Shakespeare Ter-centennial League experts are preparing three separate study courses on Shakespeare—a Shakespeare masque, a more elaborate festival, a simple community celebration and a simple little masque for children to perform, representing the Shakespeare flowers. A feature of the work is the planting in each town of a Shakespeare garden. A. W. Smith & Co., florists, of Pittsburgh, will prepare packages of seeds of flowers mentioned in Shakespeare at prices ranging from 25 cents to 5 dollars.

HELEN E. C. OVERTON,
Publicity Committee.

David B. Allen Dead.

David B. Allen died at his late home at Milesburg on December 30th, 1915, at 8 o'clock, P. M. His death was due to paralysis, from which he had been a sufferer for a number of years. The deceased was a son of Henry and Mary Allen and was born on June 12th, 1845, making his age at the time of death 70 years, 6 months and 18 days. He was a veteran of the Civil War and was a member of Dr. Geo. L. Potter Post, No. 261, G. A. R. Surviving are his widow and six daughters and two sons. Funeral services were held on January 2d from the late home, Rev. W. A. Lepley officiating.

Six Old Liquor Licenses Are Knocked Out by Judge Orvis.

Two New Applications Also Refused by Court.

WAS BIG SURPRISE

Hotels at Howard, Rebersburg, Coburn and Millheim, also St. James and Farmers Hotels in Philipsburg, to be Dry After April 1st.

To the surprise of many, who had followed the proceedings of the recent license court, Judge Orvis on Saturday evening, last, knocked out six old applicants, refused two new applications and granted all others who had asked for renewals.

The six old applicants who were refused were the following:

Howard Hotel, A. J. Fitzpatrick proprietor.

Coburn Hotel, Louis E. Stover proprietor.

Millheim Hotel, S. S. Brown proprietor.

Rebersburg Hotel, Clarence E. Long proprietor.

St. James Hotel, Philipsburg, Samuel Koch proprietor.

Farmers Hotel, Philipsburg, William Bowser proprietor.

The two new applicants refused were the following:

John Bauer, wholesale, Bellefonte.

Frank Kohlbecker, retail, Milesburg.

The slaughter of license applications was the most extensive in the county in many years. The knocking out of the license at Howard and the refusal of the new application for Milesburg serves to make the whole Bald Eagle Valley section "dry." With no licenses for Rebersburg, Coburn and Millheim Penns Valley now has but four licensed hotels. These are at Spring Mills, Potters Mills, Old Fort and Centre Hall. The Milesburg Hotel has been without a license for the past year.

In refusing the six old and two new applicants, and also in granting the 27 others, Judge Orvis assigned no reason for his action. Consequently there is nothing of record upon which to base an appeal to the higher courts. The eight who were turned down have no alternative but to wait one year and file new applications.

Of the six old applicants who failed to get licenses there was no particular fight made against any but Long, at Rebersburg, and Stover, at Coburn. Both men were under fine on various charges, but in rebuttal they were able to produce numerous witnesses in their favor. The biggest surprise was the court's action on the Howard and Millheim hotels and the St. James and Farmers, at Philipsburg. These four hotels had not figured in any way in testimony submitted to the court, although a remonstrance had been filed against each, just as had been done in the case of all the applications that were granted. It is supposed that the four hotels mentioned were refused on the strength of private information that had come to the notice of the court. The Millheim Hotel was conducted by Isaac Shawver until some time ago when it was taken over by S. S. Brown, a brother-in-law of Mr. Shawver. Shortly before that, it is said, Mr. Shawver had an opportunity to sell out for $14,000 but turned it down.

Before retiring from the bench Judge Orvis handed down a number of opinions and decrees. He sustained the several verdicts in favor of Frank E. Naginey as against a number of fire insurance companies for losses resulting from a fire at his furniture store on Allegheny Street. In four cases involving liability on stockholders of the defunct Washington Building & Loan Association the court's decree was in favor of the stockholders. A new trial was granted in the case of King vs Eisenhauer, the former having originally been awarded a verdict of $1000 as commission for selling Eisenhauer's hotel in Philipsburg. On the ground that a person may not be placed in jeopardy twice on the same charge or a second charge growing out of the first the court set aside a verdict of guilty rendered by a jury against the defendant in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Erb. The case originated in Philipsburg. Erb was convicted of a charge of indecent exposure in the presence of children, and afterward paid a fine and costs. Subsequently a second charge, growing out of the first, was lodged against him. He was convicted, and it was this verdict that was set aside by the court for the reason stated.

In the case of Harry Simler vs. Susan Cronover, et al, to recover an undivided interest to a house and lot in Philipsburg as heirs of George B. Simler, a motion for a new trial was over-ruled and judgment directed to be entered for the plaintiffs and against the defendants. Another opinion and decree was that in the case of Edgar Masden vs. Centre County. This was a case stated. The plaintiff's claim was based on the law providing a fund raised by taxation on dogs to pay for damages caused by the destruction of horses, cattle and swine by mad dogs. The plaintiff did not aver that four of his cattle were destroyed by "mad" dogs but by "vicious" dogs, and the court ruled that since the law made provision for destruction by "mad" dogs only there could be no recovery and it was ordered that judgment be entered for the defendant. The court, ordered that judgment be opened as to both defendants in the matter of George Smith vs. G. W. Lauck, et al. In the opinion handed down it was set forth that the evidence showed that at the time a certain note was made one of the defendants was a minor. It was held further that there were some elements of disputed fact "which might under some circumstances amount to fraud."

COUNCIL REORGANIZES

Mr. Walker Re elected President; Mr. Kelly, Sec'y; Mr. Mitchell Solicitor.

Bellefonte borough Council reorganized on Monday evening, with unanimous re-election being accorded John S. Walker as president, W. T. Kelly as secretary and J. Thomas Mitchell as solicitor. President Walker will announce his various committee appointments at the next regular meeting.

In acknowledging the compliment of a re election President Walker warmly commended the several members of the old Council for their co-operation and endeavor at all times to aid in handling the borough affairs in an efficient and economical manner. He said that credit for much that was accomplished was due to the work done in committee.

Mr. Walker, Mr. Cherry, Mr. Brockerhoff and Mr. Flack were sworn in for new terms. Mr. Flack succeeds Mr. Naginey from the South Ward.

The old Council disposed of some routine business at a brief session before the new Council was organized. On motion of Mr. Brockerhoff an indebtedness of $93,000 was transferred from the borough proper to the water department. This was done to place the indebtedness in its proper classification, interest on the indebtedness having always been paid out of the water department funds.

50 CARS OF MATCHES

Local Plant Has Orders for Big Shipment During Next Sixty Days.

The Pennsylvania Match Co., of Bellefonte, has orders on hand for shipments during the next sixty days aggregating fifty car loads of matches. The shipments ultimately will reach all parts of the United States.

Everybody is familiar with the average size box of matches, but when it comes to speaking of car loads few persons naturally understand the vast number of matches required for such shipments. The fifty car loads which will be shipped by the Pennsylvania Match Co. in the next two months will comprise 7,200,000 boxes, or 1,080,000,000 single matches.

The development of the Pennsylvania Match Co. has been so rapid that today it ranks among the largest match plants in the country.

Smith—Hull.

Mr. Clair W. Smith, of State College, and Miss Mary G. Hull, of Bellefonte, were united in marriage at the home of Mrs. Lee R. Smith, 115 East Sixth avenue, Altoona, on December 27th, by Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the Second United Brethren church. The young couple after a wedding dinner departed on a honeymoon trip to Columbus, O., and on their return will reside in Bellefonte.

Leathers—Wagner.

Saturday evening, January 1, at the Reformed parsonage, Bellefonte, Mr. R. Clair Leathers, of Howard, and Miss Hilda M. Wagner, of the same place, were married by the Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt. Mr. and Mrs. Leathers left the same evening for Lock Haven, from which place they went direct to Piney Fork, Ohio, where Mr. Leathers is employed. The hearty good wishes of their many friends go with them to their new home.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

INSTRUCTING FARMERS

Lectures of Value and Interest Featured Meeting at State College.

What is conceded on all sides to have been the most successful Farmers' Week conference in the history of State College practically came to an end with the final lectures given last Friday and that evening many of the 1000 farmers attending the study courses left for their homes throughout the State. It was singularly fitting that after showing them for five whole days how to get more money out of their farms and more comfort into their home life, one of the last lecturers strongly urged the farmers to adopt a system of farm accounting to serve as a financial gauge of agricultural success or failure.

"Are farm records and accounts worth while?" was the query that Professor W. R. Gorham, of the Department of Agricultural Extension of State College, took for his subject. And if the farmers follow his advice to its logical end, the card index, adding machine, typewriter and cost sheet will take their places alongside ordinary farm implements as requisites of modern farming.

According to Professor Gorham, the time has gone by when a farmer can obtain an adequate survey of his financial standing by merely putting his hand into his change pocket or giving his cowhide wallet "the once-over." Professor Gorham predicts a striking change of attitude on the part of the farmer toward all kinds of "figuring" just as soon as it becomes generally known how important farm accounts are, and how easily they may be kept.

Farmers who crowded the horticultural building smiled good-naturedly when Professor Gorham first began his talk. Spend the evenings keeping books? "Not so long as there's joy in taking the lamp down to the cellar, getting a pan of apples and then sitting down for the evening in the arm-chair by the fireside, while Ma starts up the victrola!" But Professor Gorham had reasons that forced themselves upon one's attention. He said:

"To keep farm records is worth while for four reasons: It enables the farmer to know whether he is losing or making money: to know which enterprises are most profitable; to have a complete record of all transactions and many times avoids misunderstandings and litigation; to analyze his business and increase his profitable enterprises and dropping the others, and knowing which cows are profitable and which crops pay and where his labor brought the greatest returns."

Professor Gorham then recalled a striking example of the profit gained from keeping detailed records of farm affairs, citing the case of Jacoba Irene, the world's champion Jersey cow. Jacoba Irene, he said, had once been hold for the absurd price of $75. When a record was started and her production recorded it was suddenly discovered that she was a wonderful producer. She was then put under test and quickly broke the world's record for the production of butter fat. Of course, after this achievement, one of Jacoba Irene's calves was worth just about 100 times the orignal price of the cow. The records did not necessarily make her a better cow, but they certainly made her worth more money to her owner.

In conclusion Professor Gorham pointed out that for a complete set of farm records only three things are necessary: First, an inventory at the beginning and end of the year; second an account of all money received or paid out; third, a record of all work done by men and horses throughout the year. A system of bookkeeping for a farmer, in order to be satisfactory, must fulfill these four requirements: It must be simple; it must be comprehensive enough to include all transactions; it must show profit and loss where they occur; it must require a minimum amount of labor for keeping. Except in balancing the accounts at the end of the year, an average of five minutes a day is all the time required in keeping a thorough-going set of farm accounts.

Visitors to the college farms agreed that the big State institution was never in better shape to carry out the program of agricultural extension planned for 1916. Dean Watts showed many of the visitors over the broad acres and through the splendid group of buildings today, and E. K. Hibshman gave the following resume of the good things to come:

"Immediately following farmers' week we will hold the annual conference of all the extension representatives. At this time we plan to work out the details of the various projects, such as cow-testing associations, cow-testing clubs, silo campaigns, balanced ration campaigns, oat smut campaign, st ck judging contests, pruning demonstrations, corn variety tests, etc. This plan will secure a reasonable amount of uniformity in conducting the same line of work wherever it is taken up throughout the State, and yet at the same time we recognize that certain variations are necessary to meet local conditions in the various counties."

To the array of prominent educators and agricultural experts from other States who were inspecting the local college equipment, Dean Watts said: "The people of both rural and urban Pennsylvania are vitally interested in the advancement of the agricultural interests of the State. The farmers, on the one hand, are anxious to realize maximum profits. On the other hand, the city people, the consumers, want to fill their market baskets at the lowest possible expense. The college was placed here by the State to serve both these classes of its people."

Dean Watts then gave the following interesting summary of the college assets: "The college owns five farms containing an aggregate of 926 acres; it rents two farms containing 320 acres; thus operating an area of 1246 acres. This territory is exclusive of 186 acres of campus and woods. All of these farm properties are connected. The length of the total area is 3½ miles, and the greatest width is 1½ miles. During the past summer there were under cultivation 125 acres of oats, 178 acres of corn, 242 acres of wheat, 243 acres of grass, 26½ acres of alfalfa and 15 acres of potatoes.

Ten years ago the old Creamery Building, Hemlock Hall (both of these buildings have been removed) and the Agricultural Experiment Station were the only buildings, except the old barn, in the agricultural group. Today the college is justly proud of the Agricultural Building, the Dairy Building, the Horticultural Building, the Calorimeter, the Stock Judging Pavilion, the new Dairy Barn and the Greenhouse Range, all new and of modern construction.

The live stock equipment of the college consists of 32 horses, 6 mules, 150 beef cattle, 81 milch cows, 172 sheep, 140 hogs and 1000 chickens.

There are 160 experimental projects relating to almost every phase of soil improvement, crop production and live stock management; acres of land are devoted wholly to experimental purposes. The class-room, laboratories and barns are well equipped for experimental and instructional purposes.

There are 754 students pursuing four-year courses in agriculture, 204 students taking the two-year course, 14 students pursuing special work and 125 students in the winter courses, making a total of 1097 studying agriculture. Ten years ago there were 94 students in these several courses. There are also about 4000 students taking correspondence courses in agriculture.

There are 92 teachers and specialists on the faculty and experimental staff, 30 stenographers and clerks and 34 laborers in the School of Agriculture.

Twenty-two farm bureaus with county agents in charge are operating in an identical number of counties, eight additional counties are organized and have applied for the appointment of county agents and 15 more are endeavoring to organize. The School of Agriculture is thoroughly organized into 10 separate departments and a division of agricultural extension.

Explosion's Awful Havoc.

Two children are dead and three others and their father are burned severely and otherwise injured as the result of an explosion of a keg of powder which wrecked the home of John B. Hass, at Timblin in the southern end of Jefferson county, last Friday night.

The dead:

James Hass, aged 10 years, killed by explosion in house.

Mary Hass, aged 3 years, burned to death in her crib.

The injured:

John B. Hass, father, burned on the face and arms.

Joseph Hass, aged 7 years, burned on the entire body and blown out of the house.

John B. Hass, jr., aged 5 years, burned on the face and body.

Annie Hass, aged 6 years, burned on the body.

Mr. Hass, with six of his seven children, were in the home the baby being upstairs asleep in her crib. The mother was absent. About 9.30 o'clock four of the children started upstairs, James carrying a carbide miner's lamp to light the way. A keg of powder was stored in one of the bedrooms and it is believed the boy accidentally dropped the lamp into the keg of powder.

A moment after they went upstairs there was a terrific explosion and the front wall of the house was blown out. The building ignited quickly.

Mr. Hass started upstairs after the explosion and rushed through the flames in search of his children. He succeeded in rescuing two of them, but the oldest boy and the baby were burned to death before he could rescue them. Joseph was blown from the room, alighting in the street. The other two children, who had remained on the first floor with their father, escaped uninjured. It is believed James attempted to pick the lamp from the powder keg and was killed by the explosion.

James M. Swartzell Dead.

James M. Swartzell died several days ago at Dallas, South Dakota. The body was brought to Milroy on Sunday for interment. The deceased was a pioneer in telephone construction, having built the line over the Seven Mountains between Bellefonte and Milroy. He had been located in South Dakota for a number of years.

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. $1.00 a bottle.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

A Derelict

There Was a Mystery Connected With It.

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is many a year since the United States merchant marine was a thing to be proud of. Some persons living remember the clipper ships of the middle of the last century, with their tall masts and skyscraping sails. Confederate privateers rendered shipping goods on them so dangerous that they all disappeared, their trade passing to English and afterward largely to German ships. The trade then lost has never been recovered. Some say it is because other governments subsidize their ships, others that seamen may be hired cheaper in foreign countries than in America. One thing is certain—the American merchant marine since the war between the states has been little or nothing. Whether the great European war will give any of it back to us remains to be seen.

It was in the fifties that Horace Graham, sixteen years old, ran away from home and shipped on one of the famous "Blackball line" sail ships, the Winfield Scott. Those were days when there was a romance of the sea, when vessels were propelled by sails, when they rode the billows lightly and there was no chug-chug of machinery in their vitals. That is why youngsters were continually running away from home to go to sea.

Horace Graham made trips to and from China on the same vessel as ordinary seaman for three years, when he was made third mate. One day, on a return voyage, a derelict was sighted. The captain stood on the after deck examining her, rising and falling with the waves, and when he had made up his mind that there was no living thing to be seen aboard of her he ordered Graham to man a boat, pull to the ship, make an examination and, if there seemed to be no reason to the contrary, to sink her. When eight stalwart sailors were in the boat, which was provided with sufficient gunpowder to blow up the vessel, several augers and some food in case persons starving were found, she was lowered and pulled to the wreck.

On approaching her Graham, who was at the tiller, had a full view of her stern, on which her name had been painted and from which some of the letters had been washed or worn off. Ordering his men to rest on their oars, he took out pencil and paper and made a record of the letters remaining, giving the proper spaces for those that had been erased, as follows:

M G RE UR ON

Having transferred the letters to paper, the officer gave an order to "give way," and the boat moved forward, passing close under the ship's stern. It was then that Graham noticed, upon a closer view, that an attempt had been made to eliminate the remaining letters, but the attempt had failed. Some one had evidently tried to scrape them off with a sharp instrument, but probably had not sufficient time to complete the work.

On reaching the ship a rope with an iron hook was thrown up, caught on the gunwale, and Graham climbed it, leaving his men in the boat. A terrible scene greeted him. There had been a fight on the decks and in the cabins. Corpses of men, with their weapons in their hands, lay here and there, and all except one wore the clothes of sailors of civilized countries. The one exception was a man in Asiatic costume.

It was plain that the ship had been boarded and captured by pirates. That they had left in a hurry was also evident. An auger had been left in the side of the ship below the water line, indicating that an attempt to sink the vessel had been interrupted. Then, too, all the lifeboats except one had been left in their places. There were blocks for eight boats, all the blocks being filled save one set, and at this point the davits were swinging out, indicating that a boat had been lowered.

There were two cabins astern, one evidently the captain's. In the other women's clothing was found. In that belonging to the captain from a little drawer in a locker Graham took out a daguerreotype—photographs were not at that time common—of a girl some eighteen or twenty years old. There was something very attractive in this young and innocent face among such frightful surroundings. Graham put the picture in his pocket not only for the purpose of identifying the ship, but because he wished it for himself.

Before sinking the derelict Graham returned to the Winfield Scott and reported to the captain. Another boat was sent to the derelict to make further examination, but the pirates had taken care to possess themselves of the log and everything else by which the vessel might be identified. Though they had evidently left her in a hurry, they had taken time for such removal. Nothing remained but to make a note of the latitude and longitude in which the derelict was discovered, at that time a favorite region for pirates.

That night before turning in Horace Graham took out his daguerreotype, opened the case and feasted his eyes on the likeness within. It had been nearly a year since he had seen a woman of his own race, and those of Asia were not attractive to him. It seemed to him that this girl was the spirit of innocence risen from the horrors of a massacre. Placing it where he could turn his eyes upon it, he took out his record of the name on the stern of the derelict, or, rather, the remains of it, and began to try to fill in the letters erased. Fortunately the pirates had either neglected this feature or thought the name illegible and had not taken the time or the trouble to eradicate it.

Horace Graham worked till late on filling in the missing letters, now and again looking up at the likeness.

M G RE UR ON.

From the position of the letters preserved he knew he possessed the first and last letters, "M" and "N." Ships were there and are now named for women, and Graham fancied this was a case in point. By trying different letters successively in the first part of the name he finally obtained M-a-r-g-a-r-e-t. He felt quite confident that the name of the ship was the Margaret —. Though he puzzled long over the last name, he failed to make it out.

The next morning as he was mounting the companionway to the deck he heard the lookout shout:

"Lifeboat on starboard quarter!"

Reaching the deck, he saw the captain raising his glass. Graham ran down for his own glass and soon descried a ship's boat rising and falling with the waves, but could see nothing in it. Meanwhile the ship had been put off her course to point to the boat. When the Scott came near enough a woman's figure was seen lying in the bottom of the boat, and a man, evidently dead, was leaning over a seat. A boat from the Scott was manned and took the other in tow. When alongside the ship the woman, who was either dead or unconscious, was hoisted on to the vessel.

Almost as soon as Graham saw the face of the woman he recognized in it, though much changed by suffering and hunger, the original of the daguerreotype. A spoonful of broth was given her, and she revived. After taking more she opened her eyes and looked wildly about her. But, seeing that she was on the deck of a vessel, the wild look subsided, and she asked what had happened. After being told she was questioned, but everything except the horror of drifting on the ocean's bosom had passed away from her.

Here was a disappointment to Graham, for as soon as he recognized her as the original of the daguerreotype he believed he would receive an explanation of the mystery of the Margaret —. The likeness was shown her, but it failed to excite any memory whatever. Other means were tried, including mention of the Margaret —, but without avail. At last all attempts to draw from her information as to what had happened were given up. Unfortunately at that period it was not a universal custom to paint the names of ships on their lifeboats, so that even this information was not forthcoming. The only thing known about the girl was that she spoke the English language with a Yankee accent.

The rescued girl received every attention and very soon was able to go on deck. She tried everything that was suggested to bring about a return of memory, but without avail. There was no other woman aboard, so that she had no companion of her own sex. Graham was so devoted to her that gradually all others gave way to him. The Scott was homeward bound, and as soon as she came into port he was deputed by the captain to examine the shipping records with a view to gaining any information attainable about the derelict.

Armed solely with the record he had taken from the wreck's stern, he ran over the names of American ships till he came to the Margarets, of which there were several. The Margaret Thurston fitted his record. This was a great gain. He soon learned that the ship had been named for a favorite niece of the master and that she was aboard the vessel in Chinese waters at the time she was discovered by the Scott. She had not been heard from since leaving Hongkong and was overdue.

The rescued girl was thus known to be Margaret Thurston, a spinster nineteen years of age and an orphan. Graham had fallen in love with her, and since her only protector, her uncle, with whom she had sailed, was supposed to have been murdered, Graham interested himself in securing for her some property to which she was heir. These attentions on the part of the young sailor won her heart, and he had no difficulty in persuading her to marry him.

Several years after this marriage Mrs. Graham's memory returned to her. Little by little she recalled the tragedy of which she was a part. The Margaret Thurston was chased by a Malay pirate, which gained on its victim rapidly. Striking a fog, the Thurston's captain, believing that his vessel would be captured, put his niece in one of the ship's boats with two men and set her adrift. This was as far as Margaret Graham's memory served her. The rest was merely a surmise.

It was supposed that when the fog lifted the Thurston fell a prey to the pirates who boarded her and massacred her crew. Probably a cruiser was discovered, and the pirates left the ship they had captured and made their escape.

One of the men sent with the captain's niece in the lifeboat was accounted for, dead. As to the other, there was nothing to indicate his fate, though it was supposed that in delirium he had jumped overboard.

Graham did not return to the sea, for soon after this last trip the war between the states broke out, which put an end to American shipping. He inherited a little property of his own, which, with that of his wife, enabled him to make a good living ashore.

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A BELLEFONTE INQUIRY

Answered By the Statement Of a Bellefonte Resident.

When first the long series of reports of Bellefonte people who have been relieved by Doan's Kidney Pills were published in the local press, great enthusiasm and interest were aroused. But Bellefonte is now inquiring. "How are these people keeping today? How has the benefit they received withstood the test of time?" For that, after all, is the essential test of a cure. On this point doubt can no longer exist, for after many years those who have been cured, emphatically declare their cures to be lasting.

James H. Rine, carpenter, 239 High St., Bellefonte, says: "My back was so weak, I could hardly put on my shoes. I had severe pains through my limbs and could hardly drag myself around. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., cured me."

OVER THREE YEARS LATER, Mr. Rine said: "I have had no occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills since they cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. Rine. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Insurrection in Prison.

Fifty convicts of the Kansas state penitentiary at Leavonworth, were placed in solitary confinement last week, charged with being ringleaders in a mutiny Thursday in the coal mines operated by the penitentiary. According to Warden J. K. Codding practically all the 300 convicts at work in the mines had a part in the demonstration. After a score of guards had been captured by mutineers armed with picks, the prison officials granted the demand of the convicts for better food and agreed to meet a committee of prisoners to talk over working conditions. Then the mutineers dispersed.

The mutiny was not known above ground until Professor H. L. Grider, of the Mining and Engineering school of the University of Kansas, with a party of twelve students descended into the mine on a tour of inspection. As soon as the cage stopped at the bottom of the shaft Professor Grider and the students were seized by convicts and hustled away to the mine stables, where other convicts were holding a dozen guards at bay, threatening to hack them to death with picks should they make outcry.

After argument with the leaders of the mutiny, Professor Grider induced them to permit the university party to ascend and act as arbitrators. Professor Grider took up the matter with Warden Codding and agreement to meet the mutineers' demands was reached.

To Distribute Game.

Quail, turkeys, rabbits, deer and elk will be turned loose in the game preserves and closed counties of Pennsylvania this winter by the state game commission under the recently approved state game propagation plans and the first of a big consignment of Mexican quail is expected at New York any day. These quail, which come from Mexican highlands with an altitude of 1,000 feet, will be distributed first in the southern tier counties and places favorable for observation will be selected after which they will be sent out generally, the western counties faring the same as those in the east. These quail were secured near Tampico and are said to be of a hardy breed.

The rabbits are from Tennessee and Kentucky and are relatives of those liberated in Allegheny and other counties where "cottontails" have been a rarity for years. A number of Virginia bronze wild turkey gobblers are now at large in the woods having been liberated this year and shipments of Virginia wild turkey hens are expected after the first of the year. These birds will be supplied with food in the woods during the snowy season. The Virginia birds are said to be as wary and as full of tricks as the Pennsylvania birds, of which such numbers were shot this fall.

Plans have been made to get seventy-five additional elk from the Yellowstone region during the winter. The state lost fourteen of the last lot shipped because of climate, but the others weathered the winter well and have begun to increase. The deer have been ordered and will be distributed as last year and close watch will be kept on those in the closed counties.

The kill of deer this year will run in the neighborhood of 2,000 possibly beyond in opinion of state game officials.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A Strange Experience

Was It Coincidence or Supernatural?

By F. A. MITCHEL.

I am a doctor. One night I was called up to attend a woman who had suddenly been taken ill. My horse had gone lame the day before, so I was obliged to walk. I passed over the mile that separated me from the patient with her husband and was well satisfied to have his company, for, though a part of the way lay through a village, even this was unlighted. Not a person did we meet on the way, and scarcely a word could I draw from my companion, who was much distressed about his wife.

I asked him what he supposed to be his wife's ailment. This time I received a response, but not one that would help me in deciding upon any treatment. He told me that her trouble was mental; that she had worried herself into a breaking down of the system. They had but one child, a daughter, who, being grown, had left them. The mother not only grieved for the absent one, but had become convinced that she was in danger.

I asked the man if his wife had any reason to suspect such a condition, and he told me that so far as he knew she had not. But he added that she had given evidence of seeing beyond the limits of what could be discerned by the senses; that she had known without being informed of happenings many miles distant from her. Years before a son had left them for the sea. One night the mother awakened her husband and told him that their boy was struggling in the water, then that he was dead. A month later news came that the vessel in which the young man sailed had been wrecked. All this looked to me as if I would meet a hopeless case.

And as soon as I stepped into the sickroom and saw her I knew that she was in a critical condition. But the case was not hopeless, and I worked with all the ingenuity I possessed to save her. My efforts were in vain. An hour after my arrival she died.

It is questionable if any medical man ever gets used to losing a patient. At least I never get used to it. We are intrusted with the whole responsibility of the life of the invalid. When our efforts are successful we feel a pleasurable sensation; when the patient dies on our hands we are apt to feel that had we adopted another line of treatment the result might have been different.

I left the stricken household to walk home alone. Above, the stars were shining just as calmly, as silently as before I had entered the house where lay the invalid. I wondered if a power to bridge the vast distance between them and us had been given the disembodied spirit. The planet Jupiter stood high in the east. Had the woman been borne to a vision that could take in the planet's immensity? Could she move with the instantaneous rapidity of electricity, and was she already passing the far distant Neptune on into the great vacuum that separates our sun from other fixed stars?

I was passing through the village and at this moment was before the only church it contained. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a clang. I started as if a clap of thunder instead of a village clock had struck upon my sense of hearing. Stopping, I looked up to note whence the sound came, and some moments passed before I realized that what had startled me came from the striking of a metal clapper on a metal bell. I waited for the next stroke, but it did not come. The clock had struck one hour after midnight.

I passed on, but in a moment turned for a glance at the quaint little building, deserted except when services were held in it, while every other house in the village contained human beings. The church and spire being white, I could easily distinguish them in the gloom.

Is that a ray of light glimmering through the slats of the great arched window?

Impossible! The church is the last place in the village to be lighted at such an hour.

Nevertheless, there is a glimmer that can only come from an artificial light.

Had I been superstitious there would have been something uncanny in seeing light in a church when all the houses where people lived were dark. But with me the discovery had a contrary effect. The loneliness by which I had been surrounded was broken. There was light, and light at that time of night meant human beings. I felt that there were persons in the church, and I felt, too, their companionship.

I confess curiosity was the chief motive power that induced me to turn, retrace my steps, go up on to the little pillared porch before the tower and listen. I thought I could hear voices within. Turning the knob, I found the door unlocked, opened it and entered a vestibule. A screen stood between me and the body of the church, and, stepping to its side, the interior was revealed to me.

At the other end of the building were three persons. One of them faced me and was evidently waiting. The other two were a man and a woman. The man was talking earnestly to the woman, evidently trying to persuade her to do something, whom I judged was to consent to a marriage then and there. Taking her by the hand, he attempted to draw her to stand before the other man, whom I surmised to be a clergyman. But she resisted.

In the clergyman I recognized a person who had long been familiar to me, and I knew he was not a clergyman. I could not understand the situation. In the olden time mock marriages were used to entrap innocent girls, but in these days we seldom hear of them. Nevertheless I suspected that these men were trying to practice a deception on this woman.

She turned away from them and started down the aisle. The man who was persuading her caught her and drew her back, pouring pleading words into her ear. This time he tried a little force, urging her up before the supposed clergyman, whom I heard say harshly:

"I am tired of this vacillation. If you are going to marry this man let us proceed with the ceremony; if not let us go."

At the same time the would be groom changed his manner from persuasion to something resembling severity, and I could see that they were trying to influence the girl to do that which she felt she ought not to do. In this way she was induced to stand before the clergyman, and he began the marriage service. But he had spoken only a few words when she broke away from them and ran like a deer down the aisle. The groom ran after her, but she had got the start of him, and the distance was short. She ran into my arms. Whether it was the shock at finding a man where she had supposed there was no one or she believed she had been headed off in her flight I know not, but she gave a shriek.

"Fear nothing," I said to her. "I am a friend, a protector."

This reassured her, and she clung to me.

The would be groom came up and, looking at me, angrily asked, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Who I am," I replied, "does not matter, and what I am doing here is self evident. Just at present I am keeping this girl from an imposition. I don't know who you are, but I do know that the man who is playing parson is a livery stable keeper from whom I have occasionally hired a horse."

Before I had finished the liveryman disappeared through a door back of the pulpit. The other stood, evidently uncertain what to do. The girl, who had received from me information which astonished her, turned upon the man from whom she had escaped like a fury. He took the dressing she gave him with bowed head. She finished in tears:

"If I have done wrong it has been through love of you."

"Don't you believe that story," I said to the girl. "A man who loves a woman does not try to draw her into a mock marriage."

I saw by the man's appearance, his manner and his dress that he was what we call high bred, and it was plain that he had no intention of marrying the girl. But I saw no advantage in discussing the matter further.

"Will you come with me?" I asked her.

"Or me?" said the other, with a pleading look.

There was evidence of the man's power over her, for she hesitated a moment, then put her arm through mine, and I led her away. Leaving the man in the church, we stepped out into the night.

There were the same stars in the heavens that I had seen but a few minutes before, but I looked up at them with a different feeling. Then there was mingled with the awe I felt in their solemn grandeur a sense of my human insignificance, uselessness. Now there was in me the consciousness that I had saved a fellow being from wreck.

There was another feeling. I could not get rid of an impression that the spirit of the woman I had seen pass from life to eternity might have had something to do with my having passed the church in time to save a soul, though I had failed in saving a life.

"Where shall I take you?" I asked the girl.

"Home."

Instead of going in the direction I would go she turned and walked the other way. As we proceeded she gave me her story in brief. She had been to the city studying art. There she had met the man from whom I had saved her. He had courted her, but she had suspected him. To get rid of his influence she had started for home. He had taken the same train and played his game so well that he persuaded her to go back with him as his wife. The rest I knew.

We were walking over the same road I had traversed in going to see my patient. Then I had had a companion, a man suffering from anxiety. Now my companion was a girl who had barely escaped a great evil. Somewhere down in me was a glimmering sensation that all these happenings were parts of a connected story. I looked up again at the stars, wondering if they knew what was but a faint impression to me.

The house where lay my last patient was on the road we were traversing. When we reached it the girl stopped.

"This is"—

I gasped.

"Home. I have come back to my father and mother."

For the first time in my life I shirked a professional duty. I should have prepared this girl for what she was to meet. I could not bring myself to do so. I took her hand, kissed it and with a "God bless you," sobbed rather than spoken, turned away.

SITE OF THE CAPITAL.

Washington In the Days When John Adams Was President.

When Adams came into the presidency the stately observances of Washington's day were not allowed to lapse. Even transplanting the seat of government from Philadelphia to the unfinished town on the Potomac had served only to jolt and rather humorously distort them. With the chill of new plaster pervading the executive residence, Mrs. Adams despaired of getting sufficient wood cut either for love or money from the growing trees surrounding it to fill its yawning fireplaces and dispel the dampness. She put the great audience room to the only use its unfinished condition permitted—drying the presidential linen.

Looking from its ungiazed windows over the small and scattered groups of houses, all that had yet materialized of L'Enfant's imposing plan, she reflected that their inhabitants must subsist like fishes, by eating each other. But she played her role of president's lady with spirit, maintained her hours for levees and answered the "fishes" when they came to call that she thought the new capital had a beautiful situation.

It had indeed. Half way between Maine and Georgia, at that time our northern and southern boundaries; inland, but at the head of tide water on a noble stream; planned along generous lines to cover a succession of hills upon which a city once built could not be hid, it was and seemed likely to remain fairly central. Even the most optimistic patriot could not foresee how far that mythical reality, the center of population, was to travel westward decade by decade during the next century, unimpeded by war or misfortune, until the city on the Potomac was left upon the edge of our great country.—Helen Nicolay in Century.

THE BIBLE IN AFRICA.

It Is Read There In 148 Languages and Dialects.

On the continent of Africa alone the New Testament or parts of it have been translated into 148 languages and dialects. The two latest additions are Dabida, a language of British East Africa, and Limba, the language of a tribe in the hinterland of Sierra Leone.

Parts of the New Testament have actually been translated into pidgin English, that strange lingo, half baby talk and half slang, which is the chief means of communication through all the east.

The difficulties presented in translating the New Testament into this barbarous hotch-potch must have been tremendous, but they have been surmounted.

Another language of the same sort is Chinook. This consists of about two-fifths Chinook, two-fifths red Indian tongues and the rest English and Canadian French. It is the tongue of barter on the Pacific coast of Alaska and the Dominion. At least 50,000 Indians speak it, and lately St. John's gospel has been issued in this jargon for their special benefit.

There is also a version of the Scriptures translated into the primitive language of the head hunters of Borneo.

It was made by German missionaries, printed in South Africa, paid for with British money and circulated in Papua.—London Answers.

Difference In Woods.

Timber is classed as hard or soft, and the main point of difference between the trees that produce these classes is that the soft wooded tree has "needle leaves," slim, narrow and almost uniform in breadth, while the hard wood trees have broad leaves of various shapes. Again, some soft wood trees carry cones, such trees being termed conifers. Resin, too, is more characteristic of soft than of hard wood. To the class of soft woods belong the pines, spruces and firs, and the most common examples of these are yellow pine, white fir, pitch pine and spruce or red fir. In the commoner hard woods are oak, beech, mahogany, ash, walnut, plane, elm, birch and ebony.

He Proved It.

"My dear child," said the fond mother, "if you marry Henry, do you think he will have the force to lift himself above his fellow men to a level with you?"

"Why, of course I do, mamma. Don't you remember how he climbed the eight stories to our apartment the other night when the elevator was broken?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Puzzled Him.

Uncle Ben, a very careful old darky, was a witness in a shooting case. "Were the shots simultaneous, uncle?" inquired the prosecuting attorney.

"Well, boss, you see, hit wuz dis way," replied the witness, with great deliberation. "Dem shots come so close togedder dat I can't be sho' ef dey wuz or not."—Argonaut.

Fixed.

Super — No, sir, the ghost hasn't walked for two weeks. Crittick—I saw the leading man with a wad today. He must have got his salary. Super—Oh, yes; he's the star. Crittick—What you might call a "fixed" star, eh?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Practical Way.

Gladys—I wonder which is the easiest way to acquire a fine sweeping gait? Mother—Just go over there and take that broom.—Baltimore American.

The man who is fortunate enough to be able to give receives more than the poor taker.

The Iscaria Steel Works

A Story Illustrating the Difference Between the Old and the New.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

There are in Europe a number of petty kingdoms, principalities and dukedoms that in the various changes of the map which have occurred during ten or a dozen centuries have for one cause or another been left out of the great divisions. One of these is the duchy of Iscaria, which several centuries ago, on readjusting the boundary between Italy and Austria, became independent. It consists of seventeen square miles in a mountainous region, the capital, Arancon, lying in a beautiful valley in the center of the dukedom. This little state has always maintained all the ceremony of an empire. The duke, being a reigning sovereign, associates on equal terms with the crowned heads of the world. He has a prime minister and a cabinet, and his army numbers 400 men. On state occasions he sits on a throne and wears a crown. The royal family, being members of the family circle, find it difficult to gather about them sufficient persons within the dukedom of high enough rank to form a court society.

Bob Anderson was a young American whose grandfather had established a foundry which had grown to be the Pemberton Steel company. Bob a few years ago came of age to find himself the sole owner of these extensive works. He retained the control of the concern, but there was an efficient manager who relieved the owner of the responsibility.

The young man, having a taste for adventure, on completing his education set out to see the world. During three years he traveled, returning only at long intervals to satisfy himself that all was going well with his steel works, for he had inherited from his father a natural gift for administrative action. He not only knew what kind of man to get to carry out his ideas, but took care to make an examination of what he was doing at such intervals as he deemed essential. After each investigation he would start out again on another ramble.

One day Bob found himself in Arancon, the capital of Iscaria. It happened to be a field day, and the reigning duke, Michael III., reviewed his army. Bob tried to hire a presentable livery rig in which to view the spectacle, but found everything engaged except the most rattletrap cab in the dukedom. He was obliged to be content with this and drove on to the grounds where the review was to take place.

During the ceremonies Bob's cabby got on to grounds reserved for royalty, and his old trap, desecrating a space on which stood the splendid equipage of the duchess, was ordered off by a policeman. Bob slipped a fistful of gold pieces into the man's hand, who straightaway, pretending that there was no way for the cab to get out of the tangle of vehicles, permitted him to remain. The duchess looked daggers at the official and at Bob, but said nothing.

Beside the wife of the sovereign was her daughter, Eudoxia. There was something so discordant between the cab and the carriage in which she sat that she could not repress a smile. That smile brought a resolve to the American to show her royal highness that he was used to better equipages than a cab that was ready for the scrap heap.

Now, the dukedom of Iscaria was like a Parisian shop, where about all the stock is in the window. The duke was financially the poorest sovereign in Europe. His territory, being mountainous, was unproductive, and his subjects were gradually going elsewhere to make a living. Smarting under the young duchess' smile at his rig, Bob, as soon as the troops had passed, returned to his hotel to think over a plan whereby he might show those impoverished royalties that he was able to ride in as fine a coach as they. The result of his thought and investigation was as follows:

Through the city of Arancon ran a mountain torrent directly before the hotel in which Bob was stopping. While cogitating a plan to show his power through his wealth he was looking on this stream.

"I have it," he said suddenly. "That's a splendid water power. I will line the stream with mills. I will show these people that I can turn the flow of emigration to immigration. I will build up the dukedom. Then I will ride through the capital in a donkey cart if I choose and they will have something to laugh at."

Anderson spent some time inquiring what manufacture would be best suited to the locality and found that there were undeveloped iron mines in mountains near by that were very rich. His first move was to buy a large tract of land on both sides of the waterway below the city. Then he sent to America for a corps of engineers and mechanics, and buildings began to go up, enormous dams were constructed, and machinery by the hundreds of tons began to arrive.

Meanwhile the builder of this water power plant went off on his travels, leaving instructions with his managers that they should keep the ownership a secret. The duke, seeing what was being done, sent his grand chamberlain to inquire what it all meant. He was told that the Iscaria Steel company was building a plant to smelt the iron to be taken from the mines in the mountains, but as to who or what was the Iscaria Steel company the chamberlain was given no satisfaction.

The building of the works, the opening of the mines, caused the influx of workmen to the capital. A park was laid out a few miles from the city, but near the plant, on which long rows of laborers' cottages sprang, as it seemed, out of the ground. Hundreds of men who had left their families to go elsewhere in search of employment returned. It seemed as if Iscaria had been dead and some unseen power had breathed into it the breath of a new life.

The government reaped a substantial pecuniary benefit. Those who were in arrears for their taxes paid them, and there were thousands more to be taxed. The duke discarded the tarnished tinsel of a hundred years and purchased new and modern articles. The duchess and Eudoxia sent to Paris for gowns of the latest fashion. Families of the head men of the steel company came to live at the capital, and a social circle was formed similar to that existing in the capital of a democratic monarchy.

But who was at the bottom of this prosperity? No one but the president of the steel company knew, and he would not tell. But what had been done was only the beginning. The large force that was employed in opening the mines, preparing the water power for use, building the vast city of machine shops, was as nothing to the influx of workmen that took place on the completion of the plant and the commencement of manufacture. Certain property belonging to the crown was sold in town lots, bringing in a sum of money that enabled the reigning sovereign to pay his debts and invest the balance at an interest that brought him a truly ducal revenue.

Shortly before the works were started Robert Anderson returned to the capital, bringing letters of certain persons influential in various governments to members of the cabinet of Iscaria. Being a young man of good appearance, tall and well built, he progressed rapidly in a social way in the court circle. He made no display of wealth, dressed plainly, and no one suspected that he was very rich. One of the important functions he attended was a ball at the palace, the first given since the royal ladies had put off their old fashioned gowns and appeared in their Parisian costumes. Anderson was taken to the royal family for introduction and, on giving place to others before the sovereign, joined the young Duchess Eudoxia.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I have seen you before somewhere."

"And your highness' face is familiar to me," replied Bob.

"I have it," said the lady. "I saw you at the last review of the troops."

The remembrance of his rattletrap cab brought back the smile that Bob had seen on that occasion. It was a becoming smile, and now that Bob had prepared the way for his revenge he returned the smile in kind.

"The steel works are to be opened tomorrow," he replied. "I confess that my equipage was out of place at the review of the army. Tomorrow it will be more appropriate. We Americans are representatives of commerce and manufacture. We do not put on much style."

"The court attends the inaugural ceremony. My father has been invited to press the electric key that starts the machinery."

"I shall be present."

Anderson passed on, but after the brief interview with her highness Eudoxia had no further interest in the assembly and soon took his departure.

The next day a procession of the managers and the operatives of the Iscaria Steel company started from a given point and marched to the building where the duke was to press the electric key. The route led them past the palace, and the young duchess viewed it from a balcony. At the head of the procession, in the same rattletrap cab in which he had attended the review, was Bob Anderson. Next behind him was the president of the steel works. Following them were the managers of the different departments and their subordinates. Last came the vast body of workmen.

What Anderson's presence at the head of the procession meant Eudoxia was at a loss to know. She descended to a carriage waiting below and was driven to the building where her father was to open the works. Shortly after her arrival the managers entered, followed by representatives of the workmen. Two seats were placed on the platform, one on each side of the electric key. Anderson took the one on the left. When, in a few minutes, the duke entered Anderson arose and, with a profound bow, said:

"I feel honored, your royal highness, that you have consented to open the plant that I have built in your dukedom. May it give work to your people when I shall have passed to another existence!"

The duke, not wishing to betray his astonishment before so many people, bowed and pressed the key.

The Duchess Eudoxia rose from her seat in the royal compartment and left the hall. What prompted her to do this before the ceremonies were finished was not known. The next day Bob Anderson, hearing that Mount Aetna was sending up a column of flame and smoke, left the capital for Sicily.

Nevertheless there is a report that the Duke of Iscaria has offered to make Ned a baron and give him the hand of his daughter in order to secure Ned's vast wealth. It is also rumored that Ned is willing to accept the daughter, but not the title.

THE MAMERTINE PRISON.

Where King Jugurtha and St. Paul Were Immured.

The reputed place of St. Paul's long imprisonment, the Forum, is the center of the noblest ruin of Rome. Not far from the center of the busy, noisy, modern city rise the scarred ruins of her ancient glory. Here are the temple of Saturn, with its eight columns; the often copied three columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, the arch of Septimius Severus, the temples of Vesta and Caesar and many other famous ruins, and beyond are the palaces of the Caesars. Not far away is the magnificent column of Trajan, 147 feet in height, around which run reliefs of the emperor's wars, containing, it is said, over 2,500 sculptured human figures.

Close to the entrance to the Forum, this most wonderful collection of the ruined monuments of ancient times, is a small church called the Church of St. Giuseppi dei Falegnani. Under this church are two dungeons, an upper and a lower, called the Mamertine prison, and from a hole in the upper chamber prisoners were lowered into the noisome hole below, sometimes to perish miserably of starvation, as did Jugurtha, king of Numidia, with whom schoolboys become so familiar in their first year of Latin.

In this dungeon, uncounted thousands of Christians believe, St. Paul and St. Peter were immured, and every year on the night of the 4th of July representatives of all the churches of Rome assemble by torchlight and "in solemn silence kneel in front of the traditional pillar."—Christian Herald.

ART WORK IN WOOD.

A Striking Cameo Effect and How It Was Produced.

"I saw a new thing in the art line the other day which surprised me and, I may also say, pleased me," said an art resort dilettante in a group of kindred spirits. "It was what the artist called a wood cameo, and it was something I had never seen before.

"That it was wood did not appear as it hung on the wall, and I asked him for particulars. It was about a foot square with an oval center, containing a bas-relief of a Greek goddess. The square was in ebony and mahogany and the head in white wood.

"He had secured his cameo effects by first building up his square with the three layers, glued and pressed so tightly that there were no marks of cleavage, and had cut through them exactly as cameo carvers cut through the usual shell cameos. The ebony front was plain, but finely polished, and the entire effect was excellent.

"He told me it was his first finished work, though he had been practicing for two years, and, while he was not entirely satisfied with it, there was considerable consolation to him in the fact that he had an offer of $100 whenever he wanted to dispose of it."—New York Sun.

Famous Abductions.

Marriage by abduction was by no means uncommon in the early ages. The daughter of the king of Argus was abducted by a Phoenician. The Greeks carried off Europa from Tyre and Medea from Colchis.

Next to the abduction of the fair Helen, perhaps the most remarkable in its political consequences was the king of Leinster's taking away of the wife of a neighboring petty sovereign, O'Rourke of Breffni.

The king of Connaught avenged the insult and drove from the throne his brother of Leinster, who appealed to Henry II. of England for aid to recover his lost sovereignty. The Norman conquest of Ireland followed, with centuries of war and devastation.

Nelson Won the Elgin Marbles.

Lord Elgin, whose name has become so inseparably associated with the famous sculptures, never saw them in their original places in the Parthenon. He employed artists to make him drawings of the sculptures, and it was they who urged him to have the wonderful relics of ancient Greece removed to England to save them from destruction. Elgin repeatedly appealed to the porte for permission to remove them, but the request was refused until Trafalgar. As soon as he heard of Nelson's victory the sultan said, "You may take them now as soon as you please."—London Mirror.

No Nervous Strain.

Crawford—The elephant sleeps only five hours out of every twenty-four. Crabshaw—Very true, but just stop and consider that the elephant doesn't have to attend lectures or the opera, listen to sermons or war talk or lend an ear to some fellow's description of his newest baby or car, and you will realize that he has a pretty soft time of it, taken all in all.—Life.

No Hope.

"Your digestive system is all out of order," said a doctor, after examining a patient. "The best advice I can give you is to discharge your cook and get a new one."

"It can't be done, doctor," answered the patient sadly. "I'm married to her!"

Back Thrust.

Mrs. Puritan—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower, I'd have you know, Mrs. D'Accustic—That may be, but they might not be allowed to land today.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why He Was Quiet.

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Nothing. His wife was with him."—Judge.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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PINE GROVE MILLS.

Musser—McWilliams.

On Thursday, the 30th, at 12 noon, a very pretty wedding was solemnized on the ring order, at the home of the bride's parents, W. E. McWilliams, of Rock Springs. The Rev. Dr. R. M. Campbell officiated in the presence of only the immediate families. Mr. Ralph L. Musser, of State College, and Miss Isabella T. G. McWilliams were the contracting parties. Harold McWilliams, brother of the bride, and Miss Margaret Musser, sister of the groom, were the attendants. After congratulations and examination of the many presents were made, the usual weding feast was served. In the midst of the hustle and flurry the young couple evaded the calithumpian band by having a high speen auto rush them to Spruce Creek to catch the evening train for Pittsburg, where furnished rooms awaited them. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Musser, on the Branch and is a model young man. The bride is a daughter of W. E. McWilliams, and is well fitted for the new position and will do her best in making their home one of much happiness. Congratulations.

Young Student Dead.

The many friends of Mr. Blair Kidder, here as well as elsewhere, will be shocked to hear of his unexpected death, that occurred at the University hospital, Philadelphia, where he passed away December 20th, aged 21 years. He had entered the University to study dentistry at the opening of the present term, but fell a victim to grip and while in his weakened condition spinal meningitis developed, ending his life at the above stated time. He had attended Juniata College, also Boalsburg high school and formed many acquaintances. His remains were brought to his parental home at Neff's Mills. Interment was made at Morrisville on the 24th. He was a model young man and an active member of the M. E. church. Besides his parents two sisters survive.

Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Thomas celebrated their silver wedding anniversary the evening of the 29th of December, at their home at State College, where one hundred guests were bidden to witness. Rev. McK. Reilly remarried the couple to again start them aright for their diamond anniversary. The ring ceremony was performed and the same attendants were on hand as of yore—Saul Zettle as best man and Mrs. N. H. Hartswick as bridesmaid. Many presents were brought and letters of congratulations read. The usual sumptuous wedding feast was served, and the evening spent in fun, music and reminiscences. At a late hour they departed for their homes wishing the Thomas' a very long life of prosperity and happiness.

Rossman—Flanders.

On the day before Christmas, Guy Rossman and Miss Emma Flanders were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. A. A. Price, at the home of George Rossman at Tadpole, on the 24th, at 3 p. m., in the presence of only the immediate families. The happy young couple boarded a flyer for Altoona and upon their return will begin housekeeping and farming. They have the well wishes of a host of friends for fair sailing over the sometimes boisterous seas of matrimony.

"Times" Loses Editor.

Mr. Charles Maginney-Hood, who for nine years has been editor of the State College Times, tendered his resignation on New Year's day to take effect at once. He left at once for Canada where he has accepted a position under the Canadian government on public engraving. Only a few of his close friends were aware of his sudden change until he had departed. During his sojourn he made legions of friends, being closely associated with the younger set as well as the general public. His hearty handclasp, cheery smile and gentlemanly demeanor will be missed by all. Hope he has struck it rich under the British rule.

Gummo—Sunday.

William Gummo and friend, Miss May Sunday, sprung a surprise on their friends by slipping across the Mason and Dixon line to Hagerstown, Md., where they were married on the 23rd. They returned home the following day, only to receive the usual parental blessing. Both young people are well and familiarly known, and for the present are abiding under their parental roof.

Casper—Riley.

During the yuletide season, William Casper, and fiance, Miss Estella Riley, both of Franklinville, journeyed to Cumberland for a marriage license. Both young folks are favorably known in the valley, and will reside in Altoona where the groom has furnished quarters, and holds a good job in the Pennsy railroad shops.

Frank Robinson Dead.

Frank Robinson was found dead in his bunk the morning after Christmas as the result of a stroke, aged 45 years. He was of Scotch-Irish descent and a stone-cutter by trade. He is survived by his wife and two small children. Burial was made in Pine Hall cemetery on the 27th, at 10 a. m.

Bought Everet Home.

J. Harry Williams last Saturday bought the J. N. Everets home on east Main street. This would intimate that Harry is quitting the farm and returning to village life to join the "cracker-box crew."

Fell On Icy Pavement.

Fred Decker, College township's oldest man, fell on the icy pavement last week, injuring his hip. As a result the old patriarch has been confined to bed ever since.

Now we are with 1916—Leap Year.

Mrs. J. I. Reed is suffering a nervous breakdown.

Ray Williams transacted business at the county capital Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Fye, of State College, were among the three-link party Friday evening.

Paul, son of Miles Campbell, is ill with grip complications.

Mrs. Anna Driebilbis, who was ill last week, is now recovering.

J. D. Neidigh loaded a car at Struble Wednesday with $1.15 wheat.

Col. J. W. Sunday spent two weeks among friends in Mifflin county.

Ben and Sam Everhart visited relatives at Bellwood, the late end of 1915.

Fred Herman was here Tuesday, busy as a nailer, taking orders to fill our silos.

W. Graham O'Bryan has been confined to bed the past ten days with heart trouble.

Mrs. Margaret Lytle, who figured in an explosion two weeks ago, is recovering, but very slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Win Markle spent the Christmas time with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Miller, of Johnstown.

Mrs. Piersol O'Bryan celebrated her 41st birthday New Year's day by visiting the sick and needy.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Corl spent last week in Reading as guests of S. E. and Mrs. Goss, of that city.

Mrs. John Royer, of Illinois, for the first time in fifteen years is back to old Centre for an all-winter stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martz came over from the Iron City for a week's visit among relatives in the valley.

Miss Henrietta McGirk, of Gallitzen, where she is teaching, spent Christmas among old Centre county friends.

John Stover donned his Prince Albert and struck for the Iron City where he spent Christmas with friends.

Dr. C. T. Aikens came up from Selnsgrove and spent part of the week greeting old parishioners in the valley.

On account of a badly sprained ankle and torn ligaments, our mutual friend, George Taylor, is making locomotion go on crutches.

Charles Sunday and chum, Alex. Miller, both school teachers in Burnside township, spent their holiday vacation at their homes, here.

Ralph Illinsworth, of Lancaster College, and Miss Ruth Illinsworth, of Hagerstown College, spent the yuletide with Grandmother Taylor.

Mrs. J. D. Driebilbis spent last week at the Wills Eye Hospital at Philadelphia, for eye treatment. She returned home Saturday much improved.

Mrs. Emma Hess, who has been visiting her many friends in the valley during Christmas season, is ill at the home of N. E. Hess, State College.

Frank Rockey, of Iowa, after an absence of sixteen years, and Stewart Rockey, of Altoona, visited their legion of friends in the valley last week.

Hon. John T. McCormick was here Saturday looking after some special business that always requires his personal attention on the first day of the year.

The three-link fraternity banqueted themselves and friends the last night of the old year in their splendid hall, where 130 covers were laid and all taken.

A marriage license was granted in Cumberland, Md., December 30th, to Mr. Ralph Judy and Miss Anna Catherine Deter, both of Pennsylvania Furnace.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wigton, Mrs. J. A. Fortney, Mrs. E. C. Musser and daughter Lillian, Mr. H. A. Elder and Mrs. S. M. Hess, are all in the clutches of the grip.

Mr and Mrs. Harry McGirk, of Bellefonte, were among the guests at the Christmas dinner at the C. M. Dale home, where the clan was royally entertained.

J. H. Williams and wife spent Sunday at the Will Glenn home. Mr. Williams got a tumble off a horse last week injuring his left shoulder badly but not fracturing it.

Now after a lapse of twenty-four years, Mrs. Elmer Sunday presented her husband with a Christmas present that old Kris brought the stork. Mrs. Sunday has been a grandmother four years. Both mother and babe are doing nicely.

For the first time in sixteen years, all of the J. B. Rockey family have been together, and New Year's day found them all hale and hearty. The old extension pasture board was laden with the best the farm and market could produce, and there were happy times at the old hearthstone.

A jolly sledding party from State College halted at the Cliff Close home in the Glades last Thursday evening, bent on having a good time, bringing their food and dainties with them. They were in position to storm the castle and take possession and hold it until time to answer goodnight roll call. All had a royal good time.

Perpetual Motion.

Several people have had a shot at making something that would go on forever, like Tennyson's brook. And these have not all been cranks. A mechanician, for instance, made a top, which was balanced on diamond tips and spun in a vacuum, which ran for twelve months.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented an electric watch which will go for fifteen years without requiring to be rewound.

A watch and clock maker of Burton had in his possession an electric clock of his own making which has already gone twelve years and has never failed to record the time during that period, although it has never been rewound. He claims that the mechanism will last fifty years and that he would not be surprised if the clock ran uninterruptedly for a century.

Of course the possibilities of radioactivity are today only dimly known, but they may yet revolutionize all our notions of motion and energy and put even electricity out of court.—Buffalo News.

Is It the Danube?

It is arguable whether the part of the Danube east of Belgrade should be called the Danube at all, for on the map it certainly looks as if at Belgrade the Danube flows into the Save, not the Save into the Danube. Accordingly we find that the ancient Romans called the river above this point the Danube, but below it the Ister, Istria being the region in which the headwaters of the Save are to be found. The name of the Danube itself has been variously derived from the German "donner" (thunder) and "tanne" (fir tree) and from Celtic sources.—London Chronicle.

Nitrocellulose.

Cotton in the form of nitrocellulose is the most important component of all military propulsive explosives. Strictly speaking, the raw material used is cotton waste, or the stuff rejected in the manufacture of cotton goods. Jute, ramie, kapok fiber, sulphite pulp, spun cotton and other forms of cellulose, have all been tried, but the only trustworthy material is cotton waste.

FROM CLODHOPPER TO KING

A Story of Feudal Times

By F. A. MITCHEL

During feudal times there was on the continent of Europe a kingdom called Apulia, which had for so many years been at war with its neighbor kingdoms that it was not possible for its sovereigns to intermarry with theirs. The consequence was that, since the Apulian kings were permitted by law to marry only those of royal blood, they intermarried among their own relatives.

There came a time when the royal blood had well nigh run out, and when King Caspar II., who had only one child, a daughter, to succeed him and looked about for a husband for her, he found not one man among his numerous relatives who was fitted for the position of the royal consort. He at once ordered the heralds to examine the royal family records with a view to hunting up some man of remote relationship who would serve the purpose.

The heralds went to a tower where the records of the early Apulian kings were kept and searched back to a time when the kingdom was a Roman province. To their surprise they found that a youth was living whose ancestor was a former king of Apulia. This king had been supplanted by his younger brother, the progenitor of King Caspar. The searchers immediately made known to the king that they had found the true heir to the throne, Caspar himself being a usurper. His majesty warned them under penalty of losing their heads to keep the secret and at once ordered his chamberlain to make inquiries as to the man whose royal pedigree had been unearthed.

He was named Rudolf Kantzler, the latter being the family name of the dynasty in possession of the Apulian throne. But the family names of kings are not in common use, and the young man did not know that he had the same name as his sovereign. Indeed, he did not even know that he was a relative of the king, much less that he was the legitimate sovereign.

Rudolf was a raiser of cabbages and other vegetables for the market. He was a worthy youth, but without education. His age was eighteen, and he had been brought up a clodhopper. Nevertheless the king resolved to marry him to the princess.

The Crown Princess Xenia was fifteen years old. When informed by her father of the situation she was very docile, and the king had great hopes of having no difficulty so far as she was concerned in arranging the marriage. He told her that he would bring Rudolf to the palace as a page, so that he might acquire at least a veneering of refinement, but that he must know nothing of the honor intended for him.

The princess listened to all that was said to her without saying a word in reply. She was altogether too young to consider the necessities of the case, and her mind was occupied in wondering what her future husband was like. She was aware that there is a great difference between a prince and a clodhopper, and a shade of anxiety crossed her young face. But that was all the expression of dissatisfaction that escaped her and was not noticed by her father.

One day when Rudolf was working among his cabbages—he worked the farm for his mother—a messenger wearing the royal livery rode up to him and told him that he had been appointed a page at the palace. Rudolf, astonished, leaned on his hoe and for a time seemed to have lost speech; then, suddenly turning again to his work, he said:

"No; I will not go to the palace to be a page. My place is here with my mother."

Such response had neither been anticipated nor provided for, so the messenger returned and reported it. Xenia was with her father at the time, and when he ordered the messenger to command Rudolf's presence at the palace she asked permission to go along that she might see her future husband. It occurred to the king that in the present case persuasion would be better than force and the face of his daughter might furnish the persuasion, so he consented.

When Xenia was driven to the farm Rudolf was standing at the gate. Xenia leaned out of the coach window and asked if he was Rudolf. When he said yes she was greatly pleased. He bore in face and figure evidence of his royal descent and, though he was dressed in a countryman's apparel, appeared to be a manly fellow, with a countenance denoting nobility of character.

"I have come from the king," said Xenia. "I am the crown princess. I wish you to be a page in my suit. You won't refuse me, will you?"

The boy, more wonder stricken than before, stood for a few moments speechless; then he said:

"If I go to the palace who will attend to my mother's cabbages? They will not thrive, and she will be without support."

An attendant whispered something in the princess' ear, and she said to the boy, "Your mother will receive a pension from my father, the king, that will enable her to live like a lady."

Rudolf seemed lost in thought. Then, fixing his eyes on the princess admiringly, he threw down a spade he held in his hand and said:

"I will go with you, but I must tell my mother."

The princess waited, and in due time the boy appeared at the door in his best suit, kissing his mother goodby. Then he came out to the coach and, to the surprise and consternation of the lackeys, opened the door, entered and sat down beside the princess. They were still more amazed at her suffering him to do so without a word. Then the two were driven to the palace.

When the coach drew up in the courtyard the king was looking out to catch a glimpse of his future son-in-law and successor. Rudolf alighted and handed out the princess.

"Surely," said the king, "the boy has descended from a line of sovereigns. There is something in his bearing, in the grace of his motions, that indicates his lineage."

The young couple entered the palace, and Xenia, smiling, led the youth to his father, saying:

"I asked him to come with me, papa, and he came because I asked him."

Rudolf put out his hand to the king as if he were his majesty's equal. Caspar was about to draw back with kingly dignity when it occurred to him that since the young man was the legitimate sovereign, while he himself was a subject, the plan he had in view would be better served by humoring him, and he took the proffered hand.

"I dare say, your majesty," said Rudolf, "that you are a good king since your daughter is such a lovely princess."

The king called his chamberlain and directed him to take the young man to the apartments that had been prepared for him and to see that he was attired in court costume. When Rudolf stepped forth in velvet and lace, with a rapier by his side, his manly beauty struck every one who saw him. All wondered that he seemed so much at home. Instead of going about gaping at everything he saw he seemed surprised at nothing. A courtier asked him how he felt, coming from a farm to a palace.

"How do I feel? I feel—somehow I feel—as if I were the king."

A chill ran through those who heard the reply, and he who had asked the question whispered to a companion:

"Let his majesty beware. If I mistake not this clodhopper has in him the elements of which kings are made and some day with that princely stride of his will walk to the throne and sit upon it."

Whether it was because the young man's bearing suited King Caspar's purpose or that an inheritance of kingly attributes coursed through Rudolf's veins, certain it is that the young man became a dominant factor at court.

It is not to be supposed that any man could step from cabbage raising to attendance upon royalty without in the beginning committing many blunders. But Rudolf soon acquired the reputation of one who despised conventionality, and when he erred through want of training he was able to give the appearance of one who knew better, but would not take the trouble to do better. The king gave him his choice of preferments, expecting that he would choose the profession most in favor with young men of the time—arms. But Rudolf asked to be educated for a diplomat, whereupon the king sent him as an attendant on an embassy to a neighboring government to conclude a treaty. When the embassy returned Rudolf had concluded the treaty, while the ambassador, who had been outwitted, returned in disgrace.

The rise of the clodhopper was rapid, the king having to bestow upon him one rank after another to keep pace with his personal acquirements. From the lowest grade of noble he filled every grade to that of duke. The king, not being yet ready to acknowledge his royal blood, could not make him a prince, but it was rumored that some further elevation was in store for him.

One day King Caspar fell ill. It was understood that his malady was serious, and the council had misgivings as to the succession. The Princess Xenia was but eighteen years old, and it was rumored that Duke Rudolf would on the king's death seize the government. The real danger was concealed. A neighboring sovereign, Otho, intrigued with certain disloyal Apulians upon the death of the king to annex their country to his kingdom.

The king's illness grew upon him so rapidly that he had no time to arrange for the succession. He died suddenly and King Otho's adherents attempted to seize the government. Duke Rudolf had been apprised of the intention and, putting himself at the head of the Apulian troops, nipped the insurrection in the bud. It was supposed by many that, having an army to support him, he would seize a government headed by a weak girl and make himself king. When quiet was restored and the conqueror rode to the palace, the princess' attendants, hearing that he was coming and fearing that he would make himself king, advised her to escape while there was yet time. Instead she went out to the main entrance and stood on the stone balcony. Rudolf rode up, dismounted and ran up the steps, greeting Xenia as queen.

"Long live the queen!"

Xenia threw her arms around him, then, turning to the people, cried:

"Long live the king!"

The secret that had been so long kept was promulgated, and the people went wild with delight, hailing Rudolf as king and Xenia as queen in the same breath.

The marriage and coronation took place on the same day, the bride and groom having been proclaimed as King Rudolf and Queen Xenia.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Sarah A. Hess, et al, to William S. Tate, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $20.

Philipsburg Coal and Land Co. to John Ciprah, tract in Rush Twp.; $227.25.

Philipsburg Cemetery Assn. to R. H. Hildebrand, tract in Rush Twp.; $12.

Chas. T. Fahr, et al, to Eli M. Stere, tract in Union Twp.; $97.

A. B. Lee, sheriff, to H. C. Warfel, tract in S. Philipsburg Boro.; $97.70.

B. F. Vonada to E. E. Vonada, tract in Marion Twp.; $5,000.

Annie M. Furey to Grace Shook Shope, tract in Spring Twp.; $3,500.

Grace Shook Shope, et bar, to Annie M. Fury, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $1,250.

Thomas B. Budinger, et ux, to John A. Confer, tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; $400.

Anna L. Hoover, et bar, to Harry Keller, 3 tracts in Union Twp.; $1,500.

Harry Keller, et ux, to Grant Hoover, 3 tracts in Union Twp.; $1,500.

William Tressler, Exr., to William G. Runkle, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $300.

Mary E. Beaty, et bar, to Lillie I. Kunes, tract in Liberty Twp.; $250.

Matilda C. Erhart to John Breon, tract in Miles Twp.; $700.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Mary Jane Kennedy, tract in College Twp.; $300.

M. Ward Fleming, trustee, to John S. Edwards, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $3,000.

J. M. Heinle, et al, Admrs., to Verna J. Gebret, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $725.

William Ripka, et al, to Melchia Summers, 2 tracts in Potter Twp.; $135.

Lottie E. Tarbert, et bar, to C. O. Mallory, tract in Miles Twp.; $1,075.

John T. Spangler, et ux, to George E. Wise, tract in Miles Twp.; $1,175.

John H. Weber, et ux, to William McClenahan, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $250.

James E. Frohm to David A. Boozer, et al, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $110.

Isaac M. Orndorf, et al, to Samuel M. Kreamer, 2 tracts in Haines Twp.; $51.19.

W. H. Holter, et al, Exrs., to James A. Bartley, 2 tracts in Marion Twp.; $8,800.

Andrew S. Musser, Exr., to D. K. Musser, 2 tracts in Haines Twp.; $625.

D. K. Musser to Andrew S. Musser, 2 tracts in Haines Twp.; $525.

Wm. G. Runkle, Admr., to L. P. Corman, tract in Penn Twp.; $501.

Heirs of Harvey Miller, et ux, to Annie M. Herb, tract in Miles Twp.; $1,000.

Orrin L. Schoonover to Rose L. Pierce, tract in Philipsburg Boro.

Elizabeth E. Eckenroth, et al, to Gust Armor, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $1,370.

J. M. Heinle, et ux, to Arthur Clement Dale, tract in Walker Twp.; $1.

William Tressler, Exr., to Buffalo Run Union Cemetery, tract in Benner Twp.; $200.

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Within the Law."

Play-goers will be glad to learn that Manager Garman has secured for them at Garman's Opera House, Tuesday, July 11th, "Within the Law", by Bayard Veiller, the play dealing with present-day conditions in New York City, which has remained for a year at the Eltinge Theatre, and which has had the distinguished endorsement of the President not to mention many other notables. When Woodrow Wilson visited the metropolis recently, he sent for a box from which he witnessed Mr. Veiller's intense melodrama with tremendous interest. At the conclusion of the play he turned to the friends who accompanied him and observed, "I was never more thrilled and interested in all my life." This, in the language of another celebrated man, must be considered as approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley—"praise indeed!" Prices 25, 35, 50, 75c & $1.

Orphans' Court Sale.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell. Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, will be sold at public sale at the Hotel in the Village of Port Matilda, Worth Township, in said County of Centre, on Saturday, January 8th, 1916, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, late of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land located in Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on line of Jacob Vanpool, thence by same North sixty-two and one half degrees East thirty-seven rods to a stone; thence by land of Hoover and Fryberger North fourteen and one-half degrees East ninety rods to a stone; thence by same North forty-eight degrees East forty-five rods to a stone; thence by lands of Susan Woodle North forty six and three-fourth degrees West twenty-one rods to a stone; thence by land of Christian Sharrer South fifty-three degrees West fifty-seven rods to a stone; thence by same South fifty-seven and three-fourth degrees West ninety-eight and eight-tenth rods to the place of beginning; Containing thirty-three acres and one hundred and fifty-four perches.

This property is located along the main road leading from Flat Rock to the Bald Eagle and Philipsburg Turnpike.

The improvements are two, two-story frame dwelling houses, bank barn and other outbuildings, a good orchard and fruits of various kinds.

It will make a desirable home for any one desiring to live on the property or any one wishing an investment.

Terms of sale: Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale and the balance of the purchase money to be paid upon confirmation of sale and delivery of the deed.

The property will be sold free of all encumbrances.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney. JACOB WOODRING, Executor.
12-16-3t.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Estate of Miles O. Hoy, late of Ferguson Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

The undersigned, appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of the Administrator of Miles O. Hoy late of Ferguson Township, deceased, according to his first and final account filed in the Orphans' Court of Centre County, will meet the parties in interest at his offices in Bellefonte, Temple Codrt, on Friday, the 28th day of January, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M. to perform the duties of his appointment. All persons having any claim on said fund will be required to appear either in person or by counsel and prove their claims or be forever debarred from participating in the distribution of said funds.

W. D. ZERBY, Auditor.

Notice.

To Frank C. Allen, and to all persons who have any knowledge of his whereabouts.

WHEREAS, Frank C. Allen, formerly of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, disappeared from his home on or about the 15th day of December A. D. 1907 and has never been heard from since. NOTICE is hereby given that application has been made by William P. Allen, his only surviving child, for letters of administration on said estate, and in accordance with a decree of the Orphans' Court of said county, dated December 1915, Friday the 21st day of January A. D. 1916, has been fixed for the day for a preliminary hearing relative to the continued disappearance of said Frank C. Allen.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL, Attorney.
12-9-4t.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jacob Woodring of Port Matilda, Post Office, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney. JACOB WOODRING, Executor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Susan Becker Ferguson late of State College borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa. J. A. FERGUSON, Administrator, State College, Pa.

Got some money for Xmas, didn't you? Don't you think you'd better get something for it that will last you for many many years? Jewelry and Silverware will do it.

Think It Over.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lucas, of Philipsburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Clarence Cartwright, of Akron, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cartwright.

Leon Quick visited in Julian during the past week.

Miss Stella Grafmire, of Curtin, spent Saturday with Miss Gladys Glenn.

L. C. Smith spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan.

Miss Florence Glenn, of Lewistown, visited her cousin, Miss Gladys Glenn, during the past week.

Roland Bryan, of Altoona, spent his X-mas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and family, of Tyrone, spent X-mas with W. R. Campbell.

William Proudfoot, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wagner during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler and family spent X-mas in Osceola with friends.

Howard Spear spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Edward Spear spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Miss Greta Bickle, of Sunbury, visited during the past week with Miss Ethel Letterman.

Mrs. Sue Newman, of Bellefonte, spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. William Newman.

Mrs. Clayton Shope spent Friday in Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bryan and family, of The Forge, moved Tuesday into the Clay Shope house,

Miss Katharyn Adams spent the past week in State College.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McCullough entertained Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan and family on Sunday with dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Neff and family have returned home from Curtin and are occupying their new home on Market Street.

Mrs. Nan Hugg left Tuesday morning for Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Sylvester Walker, of Altoona, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Snyder, of Altoona, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. "Bud" Woodring and family, of Tyrone, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Woodring.

Frank Kohlbecker and brother, Allie, of Janette, spent X-mas with their sisters, the Misses Kohlbecker.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Irwin, of Snow Shoe, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. James Weaver.

Miss Marie Confer, of Howard, visited her sister, Mrs. Harry Whiteman, during the past week.

Alfred Furl, of Runville, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lucas.

Mrs. Ginghery, of Tyrone, is visiting her husband, William Ginghery, who is working at the cement plant.

Perry Kanarr, of Altoona, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Lee Green, of Leonora, spent X-mas with his family.

Miss Elizabeth Colliflower, of Altoona, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Paul Burkett spent Sunday in Stormstown.

George Austin spent his X-mas vacation at his home in Eagleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan and son, of Hollidaysburg, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer.

Misses Julia and Sue Gregg spent X-mas in Lewisburg.

Mrs. Robert Spicer and son, Walter, spent Sunday in Altoona.

John Sheckler, of Bellefonte, visited on X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. William Newman.

Clarence Spicer and son, Mahlon, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer.

Miss Netta Gunther spent the X-mas vacation at her home in Philipsburg.

Mrs. Robert Brady spent New Years in Philipsburg.

Frank Brady, of Columbus, Ohio, spent X-mas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brady.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Maggs have moved into the Hibler property, vacated by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann.

Lester Campbell, of Tyrone, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Campbell.

Miss Madge Orris, of Bellefonte, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Brint Wallace, of Bellefonte, spent Tuesday with friends and relatives.

Mrs. M. S. Gregg, of State College, visited with Miss Emma Kinne over Sunday.

Miss Lulu Schenck, of Howard, spent Sunday with Miss Grace Schenck.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lingle, of Pitcairn, are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin and son Basil, of Akron, Ohio, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Mary McKinley.

H. C. Robison and son, Austin, are visiting in Huntingdon.

James Askey spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Mill Hall.

D. C. Lucas, of Altoona, spent Friday with his mother, Mrs. Lynn Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of Johnstown, are visiting Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Cartwright.

Miss Mina Woomer spent the X-mas vacation at her home in Howard.

Miss Ruth Gilbert spent the vacation period at her home in Marsh Creek.

Ralph Thomas, of Wilmington, Del., spent the past week with Miss Nettie Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope and son, of Orviston, visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shope during X-mas week.

Mr and Mrs. R. R. Williams spent X-mas in Salona.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope and family spent the X-mas holidays in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shope and son, Blair, spent Sunday in Hublersburg.

Mrs. Agnes Shope and son, Robert, are visiting in Johnstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Maggs and son spent X-mas in Lock Haven.

Jack Weitzler, of Filmore, spent Friday in town.

Nevin Schindler spent Sunday in Curtin.

Miss Maud Kanarr, of State College, spent her X-mas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Miss Florence Peters and brother, Lewis, visited the past week in Renovo.

Miss Sue Heaton is visiting in State College with her sister, Mrs. Blair Mingle.

Miss Lena Smith, of Tyrone, spent X-mas with Mrs. Emma Smith.

Mrs. Nan Hugg spent Friday in Howard.

Samuel Baird, of Lewistown, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird

Miss Mida McCartney spent the X-mas vacation in Pleasant Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas, of Johnstown, visited Miss Nettie Thomas recently.

James Noll, of Tyrone, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Noll during the past week.

Ralph Musser, of Altoona, visited friends in town during the past week.

Mrs. Joseph Baird motored to Tyrone and back Sunday December 26th.

Bruce Wallace left Monday for Spring Mills, where he is employed.

Richard G. Miles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Miles, is ill at the present writing.

Miss Rosetta Kanarr, of Howard, visited Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Allen.

Harry Janet spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Charles, of Jersey Shore, visited Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland over the week-end.

Lee Gumo, of Bellwood, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Spear recently.

Mrs. Ray Quick and son are visiting Mr and Mrs. Joseph Fetzer at Fair View.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, spent X mas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

James Jodon, who went to work Monday morning at the Titan Metal Co. works, had his leg seriously injured.

William Bloom, of Niagara Falls, spent X-mas with his family.

Miss Ophelia Haupt spent the past week with friends in Johnstown and Philipsburg.

Mrs. McCauslin and son, George, spent Saturday in Orviston.

Miss Gladys Glenn spent the past week in Howard.

Miss Hulda Wilkison is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Austin.

John Hall and daughter, Besse, spent X-mas in Tyrone.

Miss Pearl Bryan visited the past week with friends in Curtin.

George Smith, of Unionville, spent Sunday at his home on Market Street.

James Wallace left Monday for Spring Mills.

Fred Shultz is home from Mill Hall.

Mrs. Mary Huff, of Lock Haven, spent X-mas with Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Shope spent Sunday with friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey, of Howard, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. H. Spear.

Mrs. Tom Sprankle is ill at the present writing with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of Williamsport, spent X-mas with Rev. and Mrs. Lepley.

William Baird, of Juniata, spent X mas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Mrs. Frank Campbell, of Westport, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Campbell.

Miss Bernice Dukeman, of Curtin, visited Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan recently.

Miss Mary Hall has returned home after visiting in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Gilbert, of Philipsburg, spent the X-mas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Miles, of Altoona, spent the X-mas vacation with friends in town.

Cameron Kreps is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Cartwright.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fulton, of Osceola, visited Mrs. Mary Shroyer during the past week.

Miss Annie Taylor, of Bellefonte, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Edward Quick spent Sunday with relatives in Julian.

Austin Robison, of State College, spent his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. H. Robison.

Howard.

Miss Florence Confer spent the holidays with her sister at Tyrone.

Cameron Holter, a student at Bucknell College, spent the holidays with his father, H. C. Holter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechdol and son spent X-mas with Mrs. Bechdol's grandparents, at Middleburg.

Miss Anna Holter is spending several weeks with relatives and friends in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perry, of Altoona, spent X-mas with Mrs. Perry's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barr and daughter, of Tyrone, spent X-mas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lot Neff.

Miss Maude Confer, of State College, was a home guest during the holidays.

Mrs. Phoebe Mann, of Lock Haven, spent X-mas with her daughter, Mrs. Ward Schenck.

H. C. Biggs, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. G. Frank Williams.

Miss Jane Kane, a teacher at Thompsontown and Miss Margaretta Kane a student at State, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, over the holidays.

James Bathurst, who is employed at Tyrone, spent X-mas with his wife and family.

Guests of Mrs. I. R. Williams during the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams, of Greencastle; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Williams, of Blanchard; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lucas and son, of Orviston; H. G. Williams and son, Glenn, of Altoona; Chester and Miss Leah Lucas, of Dagus Mines.

Miss Margaretta Wyble spent X-mas with her mother at Lock Haven.

Mrs. Edith Dietz, of State College, spent X-mas with friends in town.

Miss Dorothy Weber, a student at Albright College, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs William Weber.

Walter Cook our ticket agent, spent X-mas with his wife and daughter at Pittsburgh.

Miss Vina Butler is spending a few weeks with friends at Bald Eagle.

Miss Carrie Strunk, of State College, spent several days with her sister, Mrs Comer Shope.

George Foresman, a student at Dickinson Seminary, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Foresman.

John Butler spent X-mas with his daughter, Mrs. Walizer, at Houtzdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leathers spent X-mas with her parents at Northumberland.

Charles Bower, who is employed at Bethlehem, Pa., was home over X-mas with his parents.

Jason Snyder, of York, spent the holidays with his many friends here.

Walter Strunk, of Renovo, visited for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. George Richards and two children, of Pittsburgh, spent X-mas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Krape.

Miss Martha Turner, of Altoona, spent New Years with her aunt and uncle here.

Willard McDowell spent New Years with friends at York.

Joe Daughenbaugh spent Sunday with his lady friend at Tyrone.

Misses Della and Ruth Lucas, of Altooona, spent several days with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. John Wetzel, of Sterling, Ill., arrived here Monday where she will spend a couple of months with relatives.

Miss Rose Knarr, of Tyrone, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lot Neff.

Misses Mamie and Claire Shope, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Green.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher, a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven hospital, spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pletcher.

Dick Holmes, who is employed with A. L. Anderson at Indiana, spent the holidays with his mother.

Messrs. C. A. Leathers and Ralph Harvey left last Thursday for Gulf Port, Miss., to transact some business.

Miss Mary Zeigler spent Monday at Lock Haven.

Miss Nellie Kline, of Northumberland, spent X-mas with her mother.

Mrs. George Robb and son, of Altoona, spent several days with her mother, and Prof. Robb stopped on his way home from Scranton, from the State Teachers Convention.

Michael Pletcher returned to his school at Lancaster, after spending the holidays with his parents.

Mrs. Clara Hicks, of Duboistown, spent several days with her mother, Mrs. Kline.

A number of our young men attended a chicken and waffle supper held at the home of Mrs. Nathanial Pletcher Friday evening, December 31. Those attending were: Donald Gardner, Walter Weber, Paul Wagner, John Williams, George Holter, George Long, George Foresman, John Stevenson, Charles Robb, Floyd Yearick, Doyle Yearick, Nevin Yearick, Irvin Pletcher, Fred Pletcher, Samuel Pletcher, Blair Pletcher, Mrs. Thomas Pletcher and daughter, Alma, Dorothea Weber, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Pletcher and daughter, Irena

Mt. Eagle.

Well, Christmas has come and gone and the new year has begun. May it be a happy and prosperous one for all.

On Thursday of Christmas week the Mt. Eagle school held a very nice entertainment, the teacher and scholars doing splendidly with the interesting program prepared for the occasion.

Mrs. Carrie Kunes and daughter and two boys, from Altoona, spent Christmas here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant, returning home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice O. Leathers celebrated on Christmas with a big dinner, those present including Mrs. Leathers parents, also her brother Leonard and two sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Aikey and daughter, of Bellwood, spent Christmas with relatives and friends in Mt. Eagle.

The Jacob Leathers girls had a big dinner and family reunion on Christmas. Mrs. Will Aikey and children, Mrs. David Garthoof and family from Lock Haven, Mrs. J. K. Leathers, John Shope and Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram gave the dinner—roast turkey.

Miss Bertha Bitner, who is with her cousin at Westport while going to school spent the holiday vacation here with her mother and friends.

Clair Butler, son of William Butler, who had been absent from home for some time, returned the night before Christmas to see his parents and gave them a delightful surprise.

Miss Anna Deitz, who had been taking care of her sister, Mrs. J. O. Leathers, last Thursday was called to the Lock Haven hospital to care for a patient there.

Austin Bathurst who is employed at Reading, recently spent a week at home with his family.

Daniel Gates, who is studying agriculture at the Williamson School, and who was home for a vacation, returned to that institution on Monday.

John Leathers last Sunday caught a fine, big possum in his chicken coop.

William Kline, who is employed up about State College, was here to spend Sunday with his brother Benjamin.

John Leathers and family spent Sunday with his father, Joseph Leathers, on the farm.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson, who live in the ridges back of Howard, were dinner guests on Sunday with Mrs. Thompson's father.

Blanchard.

Russel Bechdel, of Oakdale, who came home on Xmas. to spend the day with his mother and aunt, returned on Monday to his place of business, accompanied by Samuel Smith, of Beaver Falls who also visited his sister, Mrs. Courter for a few days.

Mrs. Cora Lyons, of Howard, and her sister, Emily, of Johnsonburg, visited Mrs. James Gardner on Thursday.

Edward Bumgardner, of Lewisburg who spent a week with his brother Joseph, here returned to his home on Monday.

Mrs. Laura Snyder, of State College, is enjoying the holiday season with Miss Sarah Snyder and other relatives in Blanchard.

Mrs. James Strunk and family, of Howard, spent Xmas. week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fowler.

Lewis Bollopue took a trip to Jacksonville, Florida, Tuesday to stay until the warm summer days return again, when he thinks he will be thawed out sufficiently to remain in the north for the summer.

John Moon, of Philadelphia, is spending a couple of weeks here with his brother, Albert, and his sister, Sadie, at State College.

Collins Stull and family, of Jersey Shore, are spending the holidays with his father, John Stull.

Omer Miller and wife, who spent Xmas. with Mrs. Miller's grandmother at Philipsburg, returned home on Monday evening, after having a very happy time.

John E. Foresman, of Howard, took in the Odd Fellows supper at Blanchard on Saturday evening and visited with his sisters over Sunday.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulets. They operate easily. 25c at all stores.

Hot Water Bottles

INSURE COMFORT

WE HAVE THEM - ALL PRICES

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Woodward.

Misses Lulu and Lena Boob, who are employed at State College, spent the holidays with there parents, Wm. Boobs.

F. P. Guisewite and wife and H. D. Fiedler and children Miss Grace and Master Ray, are spending two weeks with their children in Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Robert Smallwood, from Paulboro N. J. spent the greater part of last week with her parents, Dr. W. P. Ard's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Mingle and children, Phyllis and Violet, from Dunlo, spent Christmas with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise spent Friday and Saturday with her son, Samuel Orndorf, at Coburn.

A young son came to gladden the home of T. D. Bowersox one day last week.

Miss Lida Hosterman spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Harry Zieine, in Johnstown, returning home Saturday.

Miss Grace Boob, from Millheim, spent several days last week with her cousins, the Misses Boob.

Mrs. Sadie Richardson, from Tusseyville, is spending some time with her parents, Isaiah Boobs.

Miss Nora Smith spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Lucile Fiedler.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED: competent girl, white or colored, for general housework. Three in family. Mrs. C. E. Govier, State College. Bell Phone 102-J.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Apply to Miss Alice Reber, 312 West College Avenue, State College, Pa. Bell phone 30-M.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 6 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

LOST—On December 16th, somewhere between State College and Snow Shoe, on state road, gentleman's yellow leather traveling bag, about 20 inches long. Contains personal effects, business cards, order blanks also heavy red sweater. If finder will return same to Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa., reward of $5 will be paid.

"Howe Day" at Exposition.

In recognition of the excellence of the films of the Panama—California Exposition made by Lyman H. Howe the Exposition officials set aside a "Lyman H. Howe Day" which was fittingly observed on July 7th on the wonderful plazas and avenues of the great Exposition at San Diego. The honor was conferred on Mr. Howe because the films which will be shown here at the Garman Theatre on January 8th, 8.30 P. M. surpassed the expectations of the officials not merely in perfection of photography and "composition" but what is equally important—in giving every spectator such a comprehensive and adequate knowledge of the magical beauty of the Exposition.

Another distinct achievement in motion photography included in the program, but of an entirely different and more intimate character, is a series of delightful child-life in Holland. Another portion of this feature will take the audience on a boat ride through quaint Bruges in Belgium. A wealth of humor and mirth will be embodied in the program by those ever popular animated cartoons which, as created by Howe's merry-making artists, are always hailed with delight. Prices, matinee at 2.30, children under 12 years, 15c. Adults 25 and 35c. Evening, all down floor 50c. Balcony 25 and 35c.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists 26c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

NEAL *of the* NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandez and Inez present the false identification papers to Brother Anselmo at Santa Maria mission. Ponto is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette. Annette proves title and turns over Lost Island to the government. Welcher dies in a remorseful effort to save her from Hernandez. Annette and Neal, on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a cannibal island by Hernandez' trickery. The Brute is accepted by the cannibals as their god. Hernandez shows his power over the Brute and is accepted by the cannibals. Annette is captured but rescued by Neal and a party from the Missouri. Hernandez and Inez escape in an open boat.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"THE GREAT GOAL"

CHAPTER LIX.

Who Am I?

In the sick bay of the battleship Missouri an anxious little group—uniformed and otherwise—grouped themselves around the form of an unconscious man. He lay upon a cot. His head was swathed in bandages. The surgeon, seated on a camp stool by his side, raised his head and glanced at those about him.

"The vitality of this man is little less than marvelous," he said.

Annette Ilington started forward "Then he will live?" she said.

The surgeon nodded.

The little group bent forward. And with good reason. The figure on the couch stirred slightly—the huge form quivered. At last the unconscious man became no longer so. He opened wide his eyes. He stared wildly about the cabin, struggling the while to rise.

"You'll never know from me where Lost Isle is," he muttered. "Look at Pelee—death—destruction. Pray God, the Princess—"

He lifted his head. The surgeon seized him by one arm and a uniformed attendant by another. But he tossed them from him as though by the turn of a wrist and struggled to a sitting posture.

"You will," he snarled, clutching at the two men. "It's just as well I found you out, Hernandez—you and your henchman, Ponto; just as well before— Come on, both of you together."

In another instant he would have been upon his feet. But his eyes fell upon Annette Ilington.

"Anne," he cried. He stretched forth a hand as though to touch her, then suddenly withdrew it. He shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use?" he muttered to himself, "I'm dreaming—dreaming."

"Dreaming," said the surgeon somberly, "for thirteen years."

Neal gripped his mother's arm. "Look at his eyes," he whispered, "his eyes. Something has happened to him. He has become a man."

The brute man glanced inquiringly at the surgeon. "What is the matter with me, doctor?" he exclaimed, his voice strong, his tones resonant with reason. "Did my friend the Portuguese—Hernandez—get me after all? I know I struggled with him; that's the last thing I remember. The Mexican must have black-jacked me from behind."

The surgeon smiled. "He black-jacked you from behind, all right," he said.

"Where's Manuella?" went on the figure on the cot. "And where is the little girl?"

The surgeon nodded to Neal. "He's a man all right," he whispered. "The soul has come back into the body after many years."

"The little girl," went on the brute man. His glance shifted and again he sought Annette. "Anne," he cried again. Once more his glance became doubtful.

"Excuse me, nurse," he went on, nodding to Annette, "I thought you were my wife come back to life. May I ask your name?"

"I am not a nurse," said Annette. "My name is Annette Ilington."

The man started.

He dropped his head upon his chest; then he clutched something with his hand. It was his beard—the growth of many years. He held it out before him.

"What's this," he said, "another joke?"

"Pull it and see," suggested the surgeon.

The man gave the beard a mighty tug.

"Ouch," again he cried. "It's glued."

The surgeon, somewhat uncertain of his ground—fearful of results—touched the man upon the arm.

"It is not glued," he said, smiling and watching fearfully for the slightest change of expression. "It grew—it has been growing for over thirteen years. You're a Rip Van Winkle—you have come back to life."

He paused and waited while that fact sank home. Then in a business-like manner he drew forth a memorandum book and without further glancing at his patient held his fountain pen poised in air.

"Your name, sir—and address," he said.

The matter-of-fact tone roused the patient from a dangerous reverie.

"Me," he exclaimed. "Who am I? I am Ilington—Ilington of Martinique."

* * * * * * *

A few days later Ilington, clean shaven, sat upon the deck of the Missouri. He was a handsome man—as handsome as he had been some thirteen years before—save that time had carved deep lines upon his face. His forehead still was bandaged.

Annette crouched at his side and she held between her hands the hand of Ilington—the hand that had been so often raised to strike her down. Neal strode to the little group and saluted.

"Off duty for the present," he explained. "How is the head?"

Ilington grunted. "Sore as the dickens outside," he returned, "but working right inside—at least so far as I can tell." He glanced quizzically at Neal. "Ensign," he said, "I can't get information out of anybody. They think I've got to grow up like a child; but today I am feeling fit—I am all here and I want to know. Tell me something."

"I'll tell you everything," said Neal. "The surgeon quite agrees with you. He has discharged you cured."

And then they told him—and it took hours in the telling. They told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Let me get hold of that Portuguese, just once," he muttered, "and I'll tear him with my bare hands, limb from limb."

CHAPTER LX.

Quicksilver.

Out of the sea at sunset, bearing in his arms a burden, staggering up upon the shore of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—there strode a man. Behind him silhouetted against the horizon, was a small sailboat, deserted and stranded on a sandbar.

The man was the Portuguese adventurer, Hernandez. The burden in his arms was a woman, and the woman was Inez Castro, his companion.

He dropped her gently to the ground, and she lay there for an instant, well spent, half exhausted. Then she, too, staggered to her feet.

"This," cried Hernandez, "is Lost island. We are in possession—and possession is nine points of the law. The god of chance has favored us so far, little one, and so long as the god of chance joins with Hernandez, Hernandez wins."

They traveled inland. The sun had set, the moon was full. For many minutes they had traveled through a clearing, and suddenly before them, rough, ragged and forbidding in the moonlight, there loomed a ruined structure built of stone.

"It's the fort," whispered Hernandez, "the Morro castle of the Ilington map."

In the far distance there was a red glow against the sky and the dull, faint clang of metal against metal.

"We are not alone," whispered Hernandez. "Someone works the mines. So much the better. We shall have allies. Let us seek them now."

Inez sank down at his feet. "Leave me alone—here," she whispered. "You can find me easily. I can go no farther and I am afraid—afraid."

Already Hernandez had bounded across the clearing, turned a corner of the crumbling ruin and was on his way. Within the next few moments he was standing on the edge of what seemed to be a crater of a volcano—a huge pit that seemed to belch forth fire.

But it was not a volcano and it did not belch forth fire. It was a cinnabar mine—or a series of cinnabar mines—pits cut into the surface of the earth and illumined by brush fires.

Hernandez crouched upon the edge of this huge man-made crater and watched the scene with interest. In each pit half a dozen men or more worked away like ants, their shadows flung against the walls in fantastic shapes.

Hernandez drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"This is the life," he said to himself. "These men are my men or my name is not Hernandez."

He drew forth a brace of pistols and examined them carefully in the moonlight. Satisfied that they were in working order, he rose and skirted the edge of the crater, creeping stealthily around behind the furnace. Then, with remarkable agility, he hurled himself as from the skies into a circle of bright light, lifted up his voice and called aloud.

In an instant he was surrounded by a motley crew of men—men strange, weird—men whose faces were overgrown with a rank, untrimmed crop of hair and beard. They hailed his advent with delight.

Out of this multitude a huge individual pushed his way through to Hernandez and placed a grimy hand upon the latter's shoulder.

"Whence come you?" he queried in Spanish.

Hernandez answered him. "I was set adrift in a small boat," he returned, "and I came ashore here not knowing where I was. Who, sir, are you, my countryman?"

"Twelve years ago," said the pirate chief, "we were wrecked—ground to pieces on this shore. And we found what? Enough to eat? Yes. A place to sleep—a place to live. But this is a God forsaken island, senor. Only the mines have kept us from going mad. We have worked for wealth madly—hoping against hope."

"What do you mine?" asked Hernandez.

"Cinnabar," returned the chief.

Hernandez raised his eyebrows. "Quicksilver," he said. "It should make you rich."

The chief held up his arms. "Rich," he cried. "Senor, follow me."

He called for a torch and nodding to Hernandez led the way to the edge of a nearby pit and down a ladder At the foot of the ladder he crawled into an opening and bade Hernandez follow. The opening was a cave—a cave whose floor was covered with huge earthen jars.

"Quicksilver, senor," hissed the pirate chief—"millions of pesetas worth—possibly a billion—who knows."

"Did you come alone, senor," he asked. "Is there any woman with you?"

Hernandez shook his head, but a terrific fear clutched his soul.

"No woman," he returned. "I am alone."

The chief fell back, disappointed; then he raised his voice to its normal tones again. "All this, senor," he exclaimed, appealing to his companions, "a king's treasure. We have carted it for twelve long years. We would give it all for women." He thrust his face into Hernandez'. "I, senor, would give it all for one."

CHAPTER LXI.

Cutthroats.

As the keel of the Missouri's launch grated against the sand, Annette

"He Has a Right to Know," She Said.

sprang out and waded gleefully ashore. Neal was a close second.

Two sailors carried Mrs. Hardin through the shallow water. A lieutenant leaped out with Ilington, and bounded to dry land.

It was two hours later that Annette, pursuing a hairless little tropical animal along the beach, rounded a corner, and espied a sail.

Her heart leaped into her throat. Upon her person she carried a sure fire automatic; she examined it and found it in excellent condition. Then she turned her glance once more upon the sail.

And then Annette's heart stood still again. For within the boat there was a human figure. Annette shrank behind a rock and watched. And suddenly she knew—

The figure was Inez. She was alone, and seemed to be making frantic efforts to sail the boat. Annette watched her with interest. And while she watched a stiff breeze sprang up and nearly swamped the boat.

"Inez—Inez," she cried, "do as I say—Inez—"

Inez heard her, and immediately forsook the tiller and the rope and held out her hands beseechingly over the gunwale of the boat. It was the best course she could have pursued. The little boat, left to itself, swung about and plunged full tilt toward the shore.

As it struck Annette was there to meet it. She dashed into the surf and dragged Inez in safely to dry land. Inez was frantic with fear.

"Where, asked Annette, "is the Portuguese, Hernandez?"

Inez waved her hand wildly inshore. "Somewhere—in—there—with—the beasts," she cried. "Don't ask me. I don't know. I—I ran away from him."

"The beasts?" faltered Annette.

"Worse than that," returned Inez, "you're a woman. I'm a woman. I've been hiding from them—even from him—for three days. He—he doesn't know where I am—he hasn't found me. Oh!"

She sank upon the sand—her form shook with agitation.

Annette, wondering, knelt by her side. "Why have you run from him?" she queried.

"I—I can't blame him," cried Inez, suddenly facing Annette. "He's mad—crazy for wealth, Hernandez. So am I. And wealth is here—you don't know— He told me all about it—before I began to suspect—"

"Suspect—what?" asked Annette.

"Ah," went on Inez, checking her agitation, for the presence of Annette gave her courage, "you should see—he told me—there are millions of dollars worth of quicksilver—all ready for the market—stored away. Millions of dollars' worth. And the mines—they're not half worked. And these beasts are working them—"

"Beasts?" said Annette again.

"Cutthroats—men—all of them, men," groaned Inez, "and they've been here years and years—and they've been alone. They're wild-eyed enough to kill each other. And they offered Hernandez all the quicksilver that they've got if he'll find some way to bring them women. Ah, for hour after hour he harped on that—to me. Hour after hour he repeated it—talked about it in his sleep. And finally I understood—"

"You're safe," said Annette, "at least so far as Hernandez and these—beasts are concerned. There's a battleship riding in the bay around the bend. Nothing can harm you now"

Inez gasped with relief. "Nothing can—" she began. Then she uttered a wild yell. "Ugh—arg-g-gh—look."

Annette looked—almost too late. Out of the brush behind them bounded two frightful figures—half-clad—with matted hair and beard. With hoarse cries they darted toward the women. Inez turned frantically and fled up the beach One of the cutthroats darted after her. Annette swiftly drew her pistol, aimed and fired. The pursuer of Inez dropped in his tracks. But in another instant Annette was seized in a pair of strong arms and tossed over the shoulders of a giant and carried swiftly inland.

Suddenly their path was blocked. A figure shot out before them and stood with folded arms. This figure was Hernandez—and Annette almost hailed him as a friend.

Caught Her in His Arms.

ble mistake. In his momentary excitement he had thought to exterminate Hernandez. But the cutthroats who bounded into view never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it.

The only thing they saw was Annette Ilington, clutched in the mighty grasp of their chief. Like a mob of ravenous wolves they pounced upon her. The chief beat them off.

"There are two," he exclaimed, "two. The other runs free upon the beach. This one is mine. The other on the beach. Scatter and find her."

Some half dozen of the crew, accustomed to obedience, scampered off. But not so the rest. Shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, they struggled on after their chief holding out their hands toward the trembling girl upon his shoulder. Step by step he fought his way, clutching her firmly to him, until he reached the entrance to a cave—his cave. He stooped to enter.

Then broke the storm.

Down on shore Neal and Ilington, alarmed at the prolonged absence of Annette, had scattered—Neal scoured the beach in one direction—Ilington in another.

At last Neal found her—Inez, crouching behind a rock. Inez, panting with fear, leaped into his arms. He cast her off—for he did not understand.

"Annette," she cried, "they've got her—there—that way—that way."

Annette, numb with fear, lay quivering just within the mouth of the cave. Behind her was the dark—the unknown. She was too terror-stricken to move. But she was quick-witted and she saw—and understood—that this terrific fight was helping her. She collected herself—she began to plan. Inch by inch she crept farther into the darkness.

When the fight was at its hottest the chief lunged far out in the midst of it and left the cave's mouth temporarily uncovered. Like a flash Annette wriggled out of the cave and slunk swiftly toward the undergrowth. She reached it, when a figure blocked her path.

It was Neal. With a wild cry she flung herself into his arms. But Neal repulsed her for the instant, and with forethought. Almost brutally he flung her behind him, and unshipped his navy gun. For action was at hand. One man and only one had seen Annette crawl from the cave's mouth and that man was the pirate chief. As soon as he could disentangle himself, he was away and after her. And here he came, tearing through the undergrowth with savage bounds.

Neal fired thrice—hit once—missed twice—and then the cutthroat was upon him.

Ilington from the shore, heard the shots. He looked upward and saw, peering down at him from at eminence, the face of his arch enemy, Hernandez.

He shook a massive fist at the face, and the face disappeared.

Ilington hastened back to the temporary camp and found that the lieutenant and his men were making ready for a run.

"Come on, loot," cried Ilington, leaping into the undergrowth, "I'm ready for a fight. I saw a head just now, and I'm going to hit it hard."

Neal fought with fury, but his fight was futile. So, be it said, was the fight of the pirate chief. For Neal's shots had brought the other beasts swarming like human hornets about their heads. Annette's temporary escape had been discovered—they had been cheated—vengeance was their due. They pounced upon Neal and their chief like harpies—once more pandemonium reigned. Annette crouched unseen—horror-stricken.

Suddenly she shrieked aloud—for Neal had disappeared beneath a mass of men—.

She shrieked and ran like wild for the shore—for succor. There was no fight in her—she was beaten by fear. That shriek was fortunate for Neal. His assailants left him and darted after her—scurrying like wild dogs through the brush.

And then—crack—crack—crack—crack—. The bark of a dozen navy rifles. A dozen men plunged headlong.

It was a bad fight—a desperate fight. Neal's men were outnumbered.

Meantime a solitary figure slunk through the brush and crept past all the fighters. This was Hernandez, Ilington, during a lull, saw him pass, but knew not where he went. Hernandez knew. He was still hoping against hope—he still lusted blindly after treasure. He reached the edge of the artificial crater and crept down a ladder and plunged into the treasure cave. He plunged his hands—his arms, into the living quicksilver—he tossed it into the air.

"They've never beaten me yet," he cried, "this is mine—all mine."

He started suddenly. Across the pit there was a lull. And then the deadly crack—crack—crack of rifles.

"Re-enforcements," he muttered.

He was right. One boatload of marines had reached the shore in another launch, had plunged through the thicket and had reached the conflict just in the nick of time.

CHAPTER LXII.

Onslaught.

On the chief's part it was a horrible mistake. In his momentary excitement he had thought to exterminate Hernandez. But the cutthroats who bounded into view never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it.

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CHAPTER LXIII.

The Edge of the World.

Hernandez crouched behind one of the huge earthen jars. The light that streamed in at the cave's mouth darkened suddenly, and a huge figure crept in. At first Hernandez thought this was the pirate chief—but that fierce fighter was lying far across the pit with a bullet through his head. The figure crept on farther—then Hernandez saw.

It was Ilington. Ilington was unarmed—his face was blood covered. He was a figure fearful to behold. Hernandez climbed the ladder in fearful haste. Ilington saw him and followed, caught him, tore from him Hernandez' ever ready knife, and faced him squarely.

"I swore to tear you apart with my hands," cried Ilington beside himself with rage, "and I'm going to do it."

"Two can play at that," panted Hernandez, "come on."

Ilington came on—reckless of the fact that he was fighting on the edge of a precipice.

Far to the rear Annette plucked Neal's wrist.

"Look—look," she cried, "Hernandez and my father—and the Portuguese has a knife."

She was not the only watcher. Below on shore a fresh boatload of marines were landing. They had seen the fight—they watched it now. Their officer peered through his glasses.

"Our friend the Portuguese," he said, "we've got to get him and take him back. The world needs one Hernandez less."

Even as he spoke, Hernandez struck with his knife and ripped open Ilington's arm.

With a wild cry the fresh marines scrambled up the cliff. Hernandez, cool with coolness of desperation, sidestepped, and lifting one foot, neatly tripped his man.

Ilington fell heavily, with one arm hanging over the precipice.

And then Hernandez looked—for the first time he took note of his surroundings.

Behind him ranged Neal and his squad, with fixed bayonets and with death shining in their eyes. Below, scrambling up the cliff were twenty men, dangerous—desperate.

Hernandez paused—his eyes narrowed. He was beaten and he knew it.

Hernandez rose to his full height. "Sorry gentlemen," he said, "but you've never beat me yet and you cannot beat me now."

He retreated a pace or two, gave a sudden run—and leaped far out over the edge of the precipice.

Neal formed his men in line—they were joined by the squad that climbed the cliff.

"Forward, march," said Neal. Annette and her father followed them. Inside of fifteen minutes the little squad were scurrying about the inside of the cave. They were plunging their hands into the liquid metal and letting it run through their fingers.

"Some little island, this," they commented.

"It took you boys to get it for us," returned Ilington, "without you, Lost Island would have been lost forever, and so would we."

He turned to Annette, "Annette," he said, "this is yours—all yours. You are a princess—this is your kingdom." He stretched wide his arms to include all Lost Island. "Your kingdom," he repeated.

Annette looked at Neal. Neal loked at Annette—then he rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

Annette glanced at the boys in blue. "And this—my king," she said.

THE END.

TOO MUCH OF THE SAME THING

A Man and Wife Decide to Try Effects of One Evening of Separation.

By F. A. MITCHEL

While Donald and Rosamond Burke were courting the hours they could spend together were interminable. Donald would go home, after sitting sometimes till 2 o'clock in the morning, wondering what in the world they had found to talk about. Rosamond would go up to her room regretting that the next evening she must pass without her lover, for her father would not consent to his calling oftener than twice a week.

But there came a time after their marriage when this was changed. To their surprise the evenings began to seem long. Then Donald about 9 o'clock would stretch himself on a lounge and go to sleep. If any friend dropped in there was instant relief. Both husband and wife would brighten up, the hours would fly, and bed time would come too soon.

But they lived in a city where distances were great, and not being especially intimate with their neighbors, there were few to drop in on them socially. They had both been in society before marriage, but as soon as they became engaged they were sure they would never care to keep up the work attending a membership of a large social circle or enjoy the society of any one except each other. They had therefore dropped out entirely.

Donald was a thinker. When anything went wrong he was accustomed to think out the cause. "Cause and effect rule the world" was a favorite phrase of his. When he found that instead of spending six hours on a stretch with Rosamond and wishing they were eight he could now scarce spend one without being bored he set himself about looking for the cause. Not long after he had found it he said to his wife one day at dinner:

"My dear, I wish to call your attention to a matter concerning your providing our food. Don't continue to place on the table any one article continuously. No matter how much one likes tomatoes, if we have them every day we will grow tired of them."

"Just so," said madam.

"And the same cause pertains to another matter of much greater importance. For the same reason that a person can't eat tomatoes every day continuously he or she can't associate with any one person exclusively. There is no truer adage than 'Variety's the spice of life.'"

"I see what you mean. I have noticed it for some time—you have become tired of me."

Some time was occupied in getting over this obstacle to a plan Mr. Burke had formed, and, forcing his wife to admit that they would be better off if they were not so closely tied together, then he continued:

"I propose that one night in the week—say Saturday—we each go out somewhere separately and see other persons besides ourselves. We need not say where we are going, though that shall be optional."

"I know very well where you will go. You will be behind the scenes at the theater. That was your favorite way of spending an evening before we became engaged."

"I don't think," replied the husband, "that I would care to return to that. I shall probably go where I can meet intellectual persons. Where do you expect to go?"

"I can't go anywhere without an escort."

"Humph! I did not think of that. Whom do you propose to call in for the purpose? Your brother Tom, I suppose."

"I shall call on any one I choose. Tom wouldn't do at all. He has too much on hand to give his time to me."

Donald was not so infatuated with his plan after this. There was a great disadvantage in it on his part. He could go alone, but his wife must have an attendant. This attendant might be an attractive man. It would be necessary that the escort should know that the reason he was called upon to take the lady out was because she was tired of her husband. Donald didn't like the scheme so well as he had thought he did. But he had gone too far to recede.

When the first Saturday came round on which the couple were to see others besides themselves before Donald went to business his wife said to him:

"I think, dearie, that you had better dine at your club or somewhere else, and I will dine at Mary Edwards'. She says she will be delighted to have me. So goodby till we meet tonight. Don't be out after 11."

"Why can't we dine at home?"

"Why, I've thought that a dinner at the club with some of your old friends would do you good."

Donald made no reply to this. He kissed his wife goodby, or, rather, suffered her to kiss him. He was thinking that this dining apart would prevent his knowing who would be his wife's escort, and in that he was very much interested.

After business he repaired to his club and looked about for some of his old friends with whom to dine. It was astonishing how the men about the club had changed since he had been married. In all the years of his membership he had not noticed so great a dropping away of old and a coming of new faces as had taken place in the brief period of his marriage. It did not occur to him that he had been standing still as a club member while the club had been marching on. Only two or three members whom he knew well were there, and they were either going home for dinner or had engagements to dine elsewhere. One old friend touched a sore spot in Burke's breast by saying:

"Hello, old man, got back to the club, have you? They all do in time, but it generally takes longer than in your case."

"I've not come back to the club permanently," replied Burke with offended dignity. "I've come because—because—there is no dinner served at home today."

"I see, cook got on a rampage and lit out. That's one of the troubles of married life, you know."

Burke dined alone in a room big enough to seat 200 persons, and there were just twenty men in it. Nothing tasted good to him, and he only half finished the bottle of wine he ordered. Having finished his meal, he went into the lounging room to smoke. There was no news in the evening papers to speak of, and, as for the Parisian illustrated journals with their vivid pictures that used to be so attractive to him, they disgusted him.

He received a pleasurable sensation in being called to the telephone. Rosamond's voice made his heart throb quicker.

"Is that you, dearie?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Having a good time?"

"Pretty good. How about you?"

"Oh, I'm having a splendid time. Mary invited my escort to dine with us. He and I are just going out together."

Mr. Burke made no reply to this. He was thinking about the escort.

"Give my love to the chorus girls," came from Mrs. Burke.

"Eh?"

"Ta-ta! My escort is waiting for me. I hope you'll have a jolly evening. Don't stay out all night."

A click, and Mr. Burke knew that there was nothing further to be said. It was just as well, for he had nothing to say outwardly, though he had a lot to say inwardly.

Several ways of passing the evening suggested themselves to him. He would go to a theater where he had been once well known behind the scenes. In the morning, if his wife did not give a good account of herself, he would fling chorus girls at her. Another plan was to go to the club library and read till midnight. A third was to go home and hide in a room on the top story and let his wife worry till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. He hoped by that time she would be hysterical.

He tried the library; but, finding that he had read one page over several times and still did not know what was in it, he went to the theater, sat awhile looking at a play he had formerly thought very funny, but which now tired him; then went around to the stage door and was admitted by the same official he had known when a bachelor.

How tawdry the scant costumes of the ballet girls! How frightful the paint and powder! Burke left the theater and when outside among the flaring electric signs debated how he would get through the rest of the evening. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was only 9 o'clock. What would he do with the rest of the evening?

He returned to the club, knocked the balls about on the billiard table, looked at his watch three times in half an hour and at 10 o'clock went home. It was the stillest house he ever entered. He walked the floor till 11. If his wife had gone to the theater she would likely be home within a few minutes. Between 11 and a quarter past seemed two hours. Going to the front door, he opened it and looked out. No wife in sight. Slamming the door behind him, he strode away to Mary Edwards'. Pulling the bell violently, he was admitted by the lady herself.

"Where's my wife?" he asked sharply.

"Upstairs getting on her wraps to go home. The carriage will be here in a few minutes."

"Where's her escort?"

"What escort?"

"Is that you, dearie?" came a lugubrious voice from a landing above.

Down came Mrs. Burke.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said. "Mary has been very good to me, but I've been worrying about you so that"—

"Worrying about me? Why, haven't you been anywhere?"

"Nowhere but here."

"There's the carriage," remarked Miss Edwards, hearing a sound of wheels without.

"I've had a horrid evening," said Mrs. Burke as they drove home locked in each other's arms.

"So have I," replied the husband.

"I don't like your plan at all."

"Nor I. We won't do it again, will we?"

"No, indeed."

"I bored Mary dreadfully. She tried hard to amuse me, but failed."

"I dined alone at the club and had a miserable time of it."

'What did you do after dinner?'

'I went to the theater."

"Behind the scenes?"

"Yes, but the girls were not as attractive as before I met you, dearest."

Burke gave the cabman a five dollar bill without calling for change.

"Reckon them's just married," remarked the cabman to himself as he drove away chuckling.

The MacGregor Case

It Indicates the Danger of Accepting Circumstantial Evidence.

By ETHEL HOLMES

Fergus MacGregor and his wife, Elizabeth, lived on the outskirts of Edinburgh, Scotland. Their nearest neighbor lived about a quarter of a mile distant. The MacGregors appeared to live happily together till one evening their neighbor, Alexander Tweedy, heard excited voices coming from the direction of their home. Tweedy's wife thought she heard a third voice once or twice take part in what was going on trying to calm the others, but her husband failed to hear her out in this, and she was not sure. Finally the quarreling stopped, and nothing more was heard.

The next morning Tweedy on his way to Edinburgh, where he worked, passed the MacGregor home and noticed that it seemed to be deserted. A window pane on the ground floor was broken, which he had noticed before and at which he wondered, because the MacGregors were tidy persons and kept their home in good order. He continued his way, not attaching much importance to what he had seen or what he had heard the night before.

But when the next morning he passed the house again and saw no one about he became curious and, going to the window, looked in. He was shocked to see evidences of a struggle. Everything was in disorder. A table that had stood in the center of the room had been overturned, and the fragments of a lamp that had stood on it were scattered over the floor. Clothing lay about, both men's and women's.

Tweedy was astonished. He had heard no sounds that would indicate anything more than a war of words. True, his wife had awakened him in the middle of the night and said that the MacGregors were quarreling again. He had listened, but, hearing nothing, told her that it was due to her imagination and she had better go to sleep and think no more about the matter. But now appearances tended to prove that the quarrel had been more serious than he supposed. Putting his arm through the aperture left by the broken pane, he raised the window and entered the house.

There was nothing of value left in it except the furniture. It looked to Tweedy as if either MacGregor had killed his wife or the wife had killed her husband and whichever was the murderer had made off with whatever could be carried away hastily. But this was only a theory and did not account for what had been done with the body of the victim.

Tweedy was about to leave the premises when he noticed on the floor a strand of red hair. The hair was long and evidently a woman's. The finder shuddered. Mrs. MacGregor's hair was red.

Tweedy dropped the strand on the floor, where he had found it, got out through the window and went on to Edinburgh to his work. In the evening when he returned to his home he told his wife that he had seen excellent evidence that their neighbor had murdered his wife, disposed in some way of the baby and fled with all the valuables. Mrs. Tweedy listened to his recital with horror.

"I'm going to the sheriff to tell him of the murder," said Tweedy.

"Ye'll dinna do ony such thing, Sandy," was the reply. "Dinna mix yersel' up with it. They'll think you had summat to do with it. Let somebody else find it oot."

Sandy took his wife's advice. Every morning he passed the deserted home on his way to his work and every evening on his return. His conscience smote him for not making the tragedy known, and on several occasions he told his wife that he would report it, but she always dissuaded him.

But one day the horror came out through another source. A man passing a thicket back of the MacGregor home smelled an offensive odor and thought the dead body of some animal was there. Prompted by curiosity, he made an examination and found the decaying corpse of a woman. Going straight into the city, he reported his find, and persons were sent out to bring in the body. The face had been mutilated besides being decayed, so that it was beyond recognition. The hair was red. The dress was the MacGregor tartan.

An examination was made of the MacGregor home, and what Alexander Tweedy had found was carefully noted even to the strand of hair which was picked up and preserved. There being no doubt on the part of the authorities that MacGregor had quarreled with his wife, murdered her and made off with the family valuables, a search was instituted for him. He could not be found, and the search was about to be given up when some one suggested that in time a murderer will visit the scene of his crime. A watch was set and, true enough, one day MacGregor was captured standing before his house looking at it strangely. He was immediately arrested.

"What are ye takin' me for?" he asked.

"Niver mind what we're takin' ye for? Ye'll have a chance to find that oot later on."

When Fergus MacGregor was informed of the charge against him and of the discoveries that had been made he uttered no reply whatever. He seemed utterly crushed. He was advised to secure the services of a lawyer and permitted a friend to send him an attorney, who asked him what he had to say.

"What's the use o' tellin' a story?" asked Fergus. "Isn't my wife dead? I don't care if they hang me."

"You'd better make up a story," said the lawyer. "Tell me something that I can hang a theory on."

So Fergus told him his story. He and his wife had lived happily together but for a brother of hers, who was always applying to them for money and threatening his brother-in-law if he didn't get it. One night this brother came for money. His sister defended him against the anger of her husband. Fergus, losing his patience, told her that if she preferred her brother to him he (Fergus) would go away from her. Then he had left them and gone to the home of an old friend who lived alone some distance from the MacGregor home. Fergus declared that was all he knew of the tragedy.

"But how do you account for the murder of your wife? Surely her brother would not have killed her."

"I can't account for it any more than you can."

"Her brother must be living. Can't you suggest some way of finding him? His testimony, if you are innocent, would save you."

"He has never had any fixed abode that I have heard of. I would not know where or how to look for him. Besides, if he were not implicated in the murder he would show himself of his own accord."

"He might keep away to prevent his being called on to testify against you."

"No fear of that; he had no love for me."

The lawyer pondered for awhile, then said, "The only defense I can make is to prove an alibi, and that could be done only by fraudulent means."

"Put me on the stand and I'll tell my story."

"It's doubtless the best," said the lawyer, "that can be made out of the matter, but it will have no effect whatever on a jury."

The trial of Fergus MacGregor was looked upon as a mere formality, and there was no doubt whatever that he would be convicted. His lawyer made the most out of his story, and proof was furnished that his client had been where he claimed to have been since he had left his home. The fact that the face of the body found in the thicket could not be recognized was dwelt upon by the prisoner's counsel; but, since the garment on the corpse was one of Mrs. MacGregor's dresses, the hypothetical methods to show that the body was not that of Mrs. MacGregor fell flat. Besides, there was the strand of red hair that several witnesses who knew the lady swore was the exact shade of Mrs. MacGregor's.

The judge, the jury and the spectators were bored by the counsel's defense of MacGregor, the jury listening to it perfunctorily and the others talking together while it was being spoken. When the lawyer sat down the public prosecutor arose and said:

"There seems, your honor, no occasion for me to sum up this case at length, and I will do so very briefly. Sounds of a quarrel were heard in the MacGregor home. The prisoner disappeared, doubtless taking the family valuables with him, though they have not been found. His wife's body is concealed in a thicket near the house, identified by a dress belonging to Mrs. MacGregor and by strands of hair found in the house which she lost during a struggle for her life. Counsel for the defense has claimed that the case is one of circumstantial evidence. If it should not convict the prisoner, then no circumstantial evidence should convict any criminal."

The words were no sooner spoken than a woman came running into the courtroom.

"Fergus," she cried, "they tell me they're going to hang ye for killing me!"

The live body of the murdered woman pushed its way to the prisoner, threw her arms around his neck and patted him lovingly.

"Your honor," cried counsel for the defense, "it has been stated that if the circumstantial evidence in this case should not convict the prisoner then no person should be convicted by such testimony. Therefore it follows that no person should be convicted on circumstantial evidence."

Every one present was dumfounded. When the prisoner could find his voice he asked his wife to tell where she had been.

"With Walter. I've been tryin' to get him out of a scrape he got into in Lunnon."

The mystery of the MacGregor case remained a mystery for ten years. Then a man was convicted of murder in Australia who before he died on the gallows made the following confession:

Ten years before he and two pals, a man and a woman, in Edinburgh, all the worse for liquor, left the town to evade the police. Passing the MacGregor home and finding it unoccupied, they broke a pane of glass, opened a window and went in. They appropriated certain articles of value, especially clothes, the men donning MacGregor's garments, the woman a dress of Mrs. MacGregor. They were about to depart when the men discovered that the woman had found some jewelry of Mrs. MacGregor. They demanded their share of it, which she refused to give up. They took it by force, unintentionally killing her in the struggle. After depositing the body in the thicket they departed. The woman's hair was red.

Belgrade.

Belgrade, the capital of the kingdom of Servia, has gradually, for many years past, been losing its old Turkish aspect, becoming more modern, more European. The history of the city for nearly 1,000 years has been one of continual contests. The walls have disappeared since 1862; the last and finest of the five gates was demolished in 1868, and the citadel is not up to the requirements of modern warfare. The manufactures of Belgrade consist of arms, cutlery, saddlery, silk goods, carpets, etc. The chief buildings in the city are the royal and episcopal palaces, the government houses, the cathedral, barracks, bazaars, national theater and various educational institutions. The population is about 70,000.—Westminster Gazette.

What Interested Her.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, discussing the divorce evil, on one occasion said: "Love is the best foundation for marriage, of course. But common sense keeps it cool, and cool things, of course, keep the best. But selfishness kills all—and some married people are as selfish as the lady to whom the palmist said, 'These lines, alas, tell me that you are destined to wear widow's weeds.' 'Oh, dear me!' said the lady. 'For how long?'"

Roman Rulers.

Three of the greatest rulers Rome ever had were Spanish born—Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius. Later occupants of the Caesarian throne born in Iberia were Theodosius and Honorius. Seneca, Martial and Quintilian, famous in Roman letters, also were Spaniards.

The First National Bank of Bellefonte, wishes one and all A Prosperous and Happy New Year.

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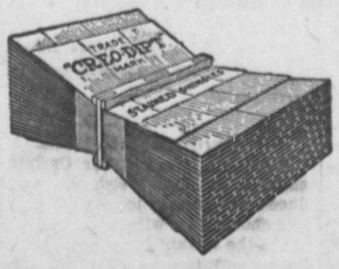

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Joseph Thal, Jr., is ill from diphtheria.

George T. Bush spent New Year's eve in Pittsburgh.

Miss Della Cross departed on Monday for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Woodcock entertained with a dinner on Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Hastings is the house guest of Miss Elizabeth Morris.

Miss Brisbin visited during the Christmas season at the Spangler home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker spent several days this week in Philadelphia.

Misses Anna and Eleanor Taylor returned on Monday to Goucher College, Baltimore.

Miss Daisy Clayton, of Philadelphia, is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Kilpatrick.

Mrs. Louisa Bush and Mrs. Callaway entertained last Friday evening for Miss Carpenter and Mrs. Edmund Hayes.

Mrs. W. A. Lyon entertained last Thursday evening with cards, refreshments being served in unique flower pots.

Miss Claire Nicolls will give a concert in the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, January 19th.

Mrs. George Kerstetter and son, of Harrisburg, spent several days recently as guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yeager.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Murry Andrews returned to Bellefonte on Christmas eve and have re-opened their home on Allegheny Street.

Mrs. Emily Rath died on New Year's Day at her late home at Elizabeth, N. J. She was the mother of Charles K. Rath, who married Miss Mary Crider, of Bellefonte.

Mrs. John S. Tomb and Mrs. Carrie Sides, of Jersey Shore, came to Bellefonte Wednesday to celebrate with Mrs. Louisa Bush her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. E. E. Sparks and daughter, Miss Ethel Sparks, of State College, with their house guest, Miss Hassler, of New York, were among the out-of-town visitors for the saxophone dance in the Bush Arcade hall on Monday evening.

The Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Presbyterian church needing an organist last Sunday applied to the Combs Conservatory, and Miss Mary Mott, of Bellefonte, was chosen and she filled the post very acceptably both morning and evening.

Mrs. James Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, on Wednesday of last week underwent a very severe operation at the Lock Haven hospital. Word from that institution was to the effect that she is recovering now as well as could be expected, which is gratifying news to the family and many friends.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on New Year's Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Smith, the bride being their daughter, Miss Helen F. Smith, and the groom Professor Jonathan W. White, of State College. Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum officiated. On returning from their honeymoon tour Professor and Mrs White will reside at State College.

Sheriff George H. Yarnell has purchased a Jackson 5 passenger car, which he will use on official trips over the county and also on occasional pleasure trips for Mrs. Yarnell and other members of the family. The official trips cannot be deferred, but it is likely that those for pleasure, only, will be delayed until the Sheriff masters the art of keeping the car on the road.

There were many comings and goings during the Christmas holiday season. Those coming home included: Ogden Malin, from Altoona; Edward Keichline, from Renovo; Otto Sherry, from Pittsburgh; James Ryan, from Altoona; Charles Donachy and family, from WilkesBarre; L. O. Shull and wife, from Renovo; Harvey McClure, from Oil City; Clair Robb, from Philadelphia; Jerome Dale, from Renovo; James Ammerman, Jr., from Altoona; C. H Osmer and wife, from Johnstown; Eleanor Parker, from Chambersburg; J. M. McClure, from Renovo; Mack McKee and wife, from Pittsburgh; John Connegan, from Birmingham; LeRoy Landis, from Tyrone; Harry Williams, from Cleveland; John Smith, from Philadelphia; Oliver Whitmer, from Altoona; Charles Lukenbach, from Altoona, Harry Jenkins, from Tyrone; John D. Meyer, from Altoona; Arthur B. Kimport, from Montgomery County. Those who were away included: Miss Myra Sechler, to Franklin; Miss Alice Lowry, to Wilmerding; J. M. Schiele, to Philipsburg; Professor Weik; to Klinefelterville; Dr. VanTries, to Altoona; Mrs. Louisa Harris, to Altoona; H. D. Weaver and wife, to Reading; Miss Bertha Laurie, to Cape May; Jack Lane, to Boston; Miss Anna Nolan, to Johnstown; Mr. and Mrs. Kaup, to Altoona; Joe Sourbeck, to Altoona; Edward Bower and wife, to Coburn; C. E. Gates and wife, to Altoona; Dave Washburn, to Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wright to Newport; William McFarlane, to Lock Haven; J. Frank Smith, to Centre Hall; [illegible] and Mrs. William Resides, to Tyrone, Charles Kellerman and wife, Altoona; Forrest Tanner, to Howard, Francis Musser and wife, to Altoona; F. P. Blair, to Curwensville; Dr. Kochler to Howard; David Miller, to Altoona.

Mrs. Harry Keller is visiting in Philadelphia, having gone to that city last Monday night.

Justice of the Peace W. C. Thompson, of Howard Township, was a genial visitor in town between trains on Monday.

J. M. Keichline, collector of water rents, collected and paid over to the Borough Treasurer, for the year 1915, $8300.

The State-Centre Electric Co. had a very pretty electrical display at the High Street store during the Christmas holiday season.

M. S. Betz, of Marion Township, was among the visitors in town on Monday to witness the inauguration ceremonies at the Court House.

Miss Deborah Lyon, who came home from Wilson College for the Christmas holidays, entertained with a sewing party last Friday afternoon.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler entertained on New Year's eve with a neighborhood party, the old fashioned dances being a feature.

M. Luther Erlenmeyer, of Liverpool, Pa., a student of Lebanon Valley College, was the guest of the Rev. T. Hugh MacLeod over the holidays.

Rev. J. E. Hutchison, of Scotdale, Pa., will preach next Sunday in the Presbyterian church. In the evening he will administer the Holy Communion.

Mrs. Charles McClellan and Theodore B. Haupt went to Akron, Ohio, on Tuesday, to attend the funeral of their brother, the late Wilbur W. Haupt.

Former County Register J. Frank Smith will go to Curwensville on Saturday of next week to conduct a choir during a series of evangelistic meetings.

Early Monday morning most persons in town were routed out by a false alarm of fire. The blaze was supposed to be on the roof of Temple Court, but there was no blaze.

Vincent Taylor, a second year man at West Point Military Academy, visited here over the Christmas holidays with his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor.

Isaac P. Miller, of Philadelphia, who has advanced himself to a position of prominence in life insurance circles visited over Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller, near by town.

On Christmas morning a number of Bellefonte men went forth as a choral club and sang hymns at various points in town. The feature proved so popular that it is proposed repeating it each Christmas.

Having retired from the bench Ex-Judge Orvis will resume the practice of law. He has formed a partnership with W. D. Zerby, under the name of Orvis & Zerby, with offices on the third floor of Temple Court.

Ex-Sheriff A. B. Lee on Monday shipped his household effects to Spring Mills, at which place he has built a nice home. While residents of Bellefonte in the last four years Mr. and Mrs. Lee made many warm friends.

Mrs. John Hinman Gibson and Miss Margaret Cook, who had been visiting over the holiday season at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook departed on Monday, Mrs. Gibson going to her home in Rutherford, N. J., and Miss Cook to Wellesley College.

The Undine Fire Co. will hold a euchre party at the engine house on Bishop Street on Thursday evening, January 13th, and every second Thursday evening thereafter until Lent. There will be refreshments and prizes on each occasion. Admission 25c.

A pretty wedding on New Year's Day was that of Miss Muriel Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Spencer, of Philipsburg, and Richard Peale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rembrandt Peale, of New York. The ceremony was solemnized in St. Paul's Episcopal church in Philipsburg.

Deputy Attorney General William H. Keller, of Lancaster, was among the speakers representing the State at the Farmers' Institute at State College last week. Enroute to Harrisburg from State College he spent the night here at the home of his brother and Mrs. Harry Keller.

Friday Evening, Jan. 7th, at eight o'clock, the High School Orchestra will render a musical program of classical and popular music in the New High School Auditorium. The orchestra will be assisted by vocal talent selected from the student body of the High School. Admission, 25c.

John D. Miller, who on Monday retired as County Treasurer, will continue to reside in Bellefonte until April 1st. On that date Mr. and Mrs. Miller will remove to their fine farm at Hublersburg. Mr. and Mrs. Miller have been valued residents of Bellefonte in the last four years and their many friends will regret to see them depart.

At the United Brethren parsonage, on December 22d, Richard L. Merritt and Miss Estella Marie Wellar, both of Julian, were married by the pastor, Rev. T. Hugh MacLeod. On the following day Rev. Mr. MacLeod officiated at the parsonage at the wedding of Roy G. Lee, of Allianc[illegible] and Miss M[illegible]. On January 1st George C. Duvall, of Morgantown, West Virginia, and Mrs. Mattie J. Comer, of Fillmore, were united in marriage at the parsonage.

Spencer Gray departed on Monday for Milton.

Miss Mollie Snyder spent the holidays in Baltimore.

Miss Bernice Landis is visiting with friends in Altoona.

Miss Hazel Lentz returned on Tuesday to the Lock Haven State Normal School.

Mrs. George B. Thompson and son, Daniel, of Alto, visited in town recently.

Miss Eleanor Weston returned on Tuesday to the Indiana State Normal School.

Mrs. John M. Shugert and Mrs. Mose Burnett were passengers to Philadelphia last Friday.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Love has been ill from diphtheria, but is improving now.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell departed yesterday to visit at her parental home in Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Nancy Hunter and Miss Catherine Allison returned on Tuesday to Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Case, who had been visiting here at the Fitzgerald home, returned to Williamsport on Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Maurice, of New York, and Miss Martha Darden, of Suffolk, Va., are guests of Miss Ellen Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Davis spent the holiday season here with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gettig.

Mrs. Albert Blackburn and children, who had been visiting at the Colonel Spangler home, returned on Tuesday to Philadelphia.

William Stewart, of Seattle, Wash., was an arrival here last Thursday for a month's visit at the home of his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart.

Miss Louise Yarrington, of Richmond, Va., who visited over the Christmas season with Mrs. Paul D. Sheffer, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper returned on Tuesday to Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Harper in the next few weeks will become a Professor in the University of Illinois.

Ward H. Yeager and Miss Effie Butler, both of Howard, were united in marriage on December 23d at the parsonage of the First United Evangelical church at Lock Haven, Rev. A. F. Weaver officiating. They were attended by Miss Bessie Butler, a sister of the bride, and Miss Maggie David, of Lock Haven. The groom is employed at the Hayes Run Fire Brick Co., at Orviston, and is a splendid young man. His bride is well and favorably known to a wide circle of friends, all of whom extend congratulations and best wishes.

Wilbur W. Haupt Dead.

Wilbur W. Haupt, a native of Bellefonte but in more recent years a well known contractor at Akron, Ohio, died on Sunday last, in that city. He was ill but a few days, his death being due to pneumonia. He was taken ill with grip pneumonia quickly developed and his death followed at the time noted. The deceased was a son of the late Isaac Haupt and was born in Bellefonte February 3d, 1870. His earlier life was spent in Bellefonte, where he was well and favorably known. He was located for a time in Clearfield but for the last seven or eight years was engaged in the contracting business in Akron. His interests in that city had grown quite extensively and in recent years he had handled a number of large contracts.

Surviving the deceased are his mother, also his widow and eight children. There survive also three brothers and two sisters: Theodore B. Haupt, Newton Haupt, G. Edward Haupt and Mrs. Charles McClellan, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. W. L. Metcalf, of Marlboro, New Hampshire.

Funeral services were held from the late home in Akron on Wednesday. Interment was made in that city.

Bernard Gallager Dead.

Bernard Gallagher, a well known resident of Bellefonte, died at his late home at 8.45 o'clock on New Year's night. His death followed an illness of about four months. The deceased was born in New York about 68 years ago. He spent the greater part of his life in Bellefonte, where he was well known and highly esteemed. Surviving to mourn his passing away are these children: John, residing in Boston; Daniel, of Elizabeth, Pa.; Mary, who is married and resides in Shamokin; Alice and Clarence, of Bellefonte. There survives also a brother, James, of Bellefonte. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning.

Carlyle and His Home.

When the great writer Carlyle was engaged to Miss Welsh the latter induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by saying that two households could not live as if they were one and that he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was "all his own," adding that the moment he was master of a house the first use he would make of it would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders.

Hives, eczema itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment is fine for skin itching. All druggists sell it. 50c a box.

Miss L. Louise Hensyl Dead.

Miss L. Louise Hensyl, a daughter of the late Dr. Hensyl, of Howard, died at the Jefferson Hospital in New York City on Sunday, last. Her death was due to pneumonia and followed an illness of one week. Miss Hensyl was born September 3d, 1871. For the last fifteen years she had been engaged as a trained nurse, doing service in Red Cross work. Since the beginning of the war abroad she had three calls for service there but was prevailed on by members of her family to remain in this country. She is survived by two brothers and two sisters: Dr. William Hensyl, of Berwick; Dr. George Hensyl, of Mahanoy City; Mrs. William Weber and Mrs. J. Will Kurtz, of Howard. Funeral services will be held from the late home in New York City today at 2 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Bear officiating.

Frank S. Hillibish Dead.

Frank S. Hillibish died last Saturday afternoon at his late residence at Canton, Ohio, following an illness of one week. He was seventy years old. The deceased was a coopersmith by trade and was employed by the Altman Co., having been foreman of the sheet metal department for nearly thirty years. He was a member of Simpson Methodist Episcopal church, of Canton, also of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is survived by a widow and a daughter, Mrs. J. E. Floyd, of Canton, also by three sons, Alfred, of Akron, Ohio, and George and James, of Canton. There survive also three brothers residing at Canton, and a sister, Mrs. Lida Cheesman, widow of the late Roland Cheesman, of Washington, D. C. Funeral services were held from the late home on Tuesday morning at 9.30 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Mohn officiating. Interment was made in West Lawn cemetery, at Canton.

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